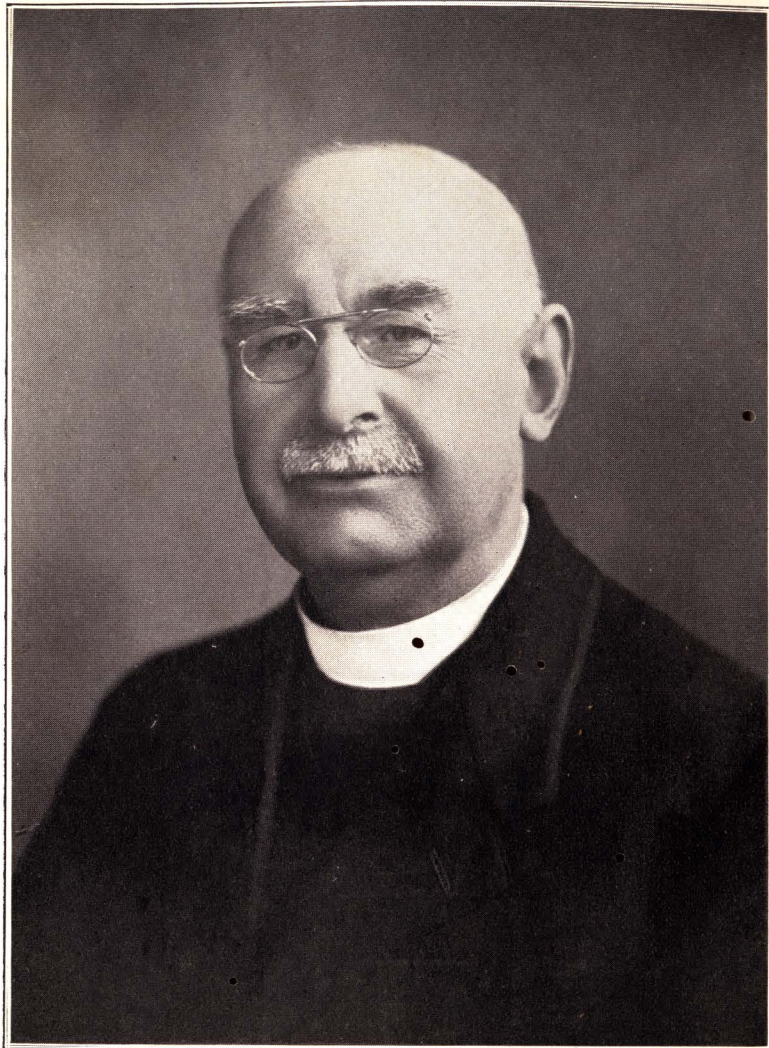






Frederick G. Taylor.

FREDERICK GEORGE TAYLOR

Minister of Christ

BY
H. J. TAYLOR

MYSORE CITY
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To
MY MOTHER

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F. G. T.

September 20th, 1935

We know, beloved, that thou hast but passed
Further along a road, whose sudden bend
Awhile must hide thee from us, till at last
We reach our journey's end.

But since around that bend, God's Paradise
Flung wide its golden Gates to welcome thee,
Thou dost discern, with larger other eyes
What here we may not see.

For slow of heart are we to understand
How thin must be the Sacramental Veil:
How short the longest road; how strong the Hand
Whose Clasp can never fail.

What will it be to pass as thou hast passed
Beyond our winding life-way's utmost bend?
And what the Vision Splendid that at last
Waits at the journey's end?

E.T.

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LIFE AND MINISTRY

On Monday, September 23rd, 1935, my father, the Rev. Frederick George Taylor, was laid to rest in the churchyard of Kirkwhelpington, a quaint old-world Northumberland village. A large company of mourners had assembled in order to pay their last tribute of respect to one whom they had loved. It was a beautiful autumn day, the sun shone and the birds sang, as the mortal body was given back, solemnly and reverently, to the earth from which it came.

Six months and more have passed, but the sense of loss remains. Mercifully, the natural sorrow and pain, which are felt so keenly at the moment of parting, become easier with the passage of the months and the years. But the place he occupied in the thought and affection of many people remains unfilled, nor can it be wholly filled again on earth.

His was a singularly rich and fruitful life. He had many gifts, and he shared them freely with his fellow-men. During his long ministry of forty-one years one cannot tell how many men and women, boys and girls, were helped and strengthened by his example and his Christian fellowship. But one cannot doubt that they were many. It can be truly said of him that he was a Christian minister, who loved the Lord with heart and mind and soul; and out of the treasures of his own experience he enriched the lives of all who came into contact with him. He shunned the limelight, and all the glare of publicity, and his best work was often unknown

except to a few. Sometimes he was misunderstood. But the fruits of his labours remain. He served his Lord with faithfulness, sincerity, and courage; and we may not doubt that he has heard the words which were spoken long ago in Galilee, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

My father left no autobiography, and, apart from what he told us, there is no record of his early years. But we know enough to understand something of the way in which his mind grew, something of the forces which influenced him, and these throw a great light on his later life and ministry. He was born on January 21st, 1868, at Northampton, but his parents shortly afterwards moved to East End farm, near Bedford, where most of his school days were spent. Some years later, his parents moved again to Bradwell, near Wolverton in Buckinghamshire, and here they remained until the end of their days. The experiences of these early years made a deep impression on the boy's mind, and remained with him throughout the years of manhood. Half a century later he described them to me in his letters, and during his last illness he would sometimes speak of them again, as his mind dwelt on the eventful story of the passing years.

The passages which follow give the story in his own words, and require no comment. They contain practically all that is known of his early years. They are all too few, but show clearly the emergence of those characteristics and habits of mind which remained with him to the end. His eager desire for knowledge, his great love of science, his broadmindedness of outlook, his delight in the companionship of scholars and thinkers, all developed at an early age. These were accompanied by a certain seriousness of purpose and a devoutness of

spirit, which turned his thoughts first in the direction of overseas missions, and, when this road was closed, led him at last into the ministry of the Church.

30th October, 1927.

There are certain things which, early in life, made a strong appeal to me; there were certain deep longings in my heart which exercised a deep influence over me. Like other humans I can only look out upon the world through my own eyes, but unlike some I have at least tried to cultivate the power of vision, and to make allowances for the defects of all optical instruments, including the human eye.

In my early days, for instance, *learning* strongly appealed to me. I always had a keen desire to become a scholar, and to enjoy the privileges of more favoured boys. But Dame Fortune never smiled upon me in this respect. Until nearly 12 years of age I attended a village elementary school, three miles from home, which not only necessitated a long walk morning and evening, in all sorts of weather, but a cold dinner, eaten in the school-yard, in a barn, or in summer on the grass by the road side. Hundreds of times my noonday lunch consisted of a slab of cold Yorkshire pudding and a chunk of bread and cheese, or bread and butter with a hard-boiled egg. Still, I was healthy and happy, and none the worse for the plain fare. In my last two years at school I enjoyed the luxury of being able to have dinner at home, the school at Bradwell, where we were then living, being only six or seven minutes walk away. But before my 14th birthday, at the age of 13 years and 10 months, my school days were over, and I passed out into the greater school of life and work. For two years or more I served in the Telegraph Department of the L.N.W. Railway. Here I quickly learned to use the instruments, so that within a year I became a qualified telegraphist. At this period, too, I made my first acquaintance with the thrilling volumes of *Jules Verne*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and a weekly comic publication called, I believe, *Old Murphy*. Before this time my thirst for reading had only been gratified by a few drops from the vast ocean of literature, and as none can truly realize the worth of a cup of cold water, without knowing something of the traveller's burning thirst in a

parched and weary land, so few can truly realize the preciousness of the few volumes I possessed. And they were few. *Robert and Harold, The Boys Who Could Not Read, Life of Dr. Livingstone*, and a shilling *Webster's Dictionary*, comprised my entire library. The greatest treasure that ever came into my possession in those days, was when I obtained the first volume of the *B.O.P.* This was in the autumn of 1880, when I was 12 years of age. But what wealth! I valued my book beyond all the treasures of the Indies, or the proverbial splendours of Peru. Here in miniature were the libraries of the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Bibliothèque Nationale. Adventures on land and sea, school yarns, natural science, poetry, biography—the *Black Book*, the *Mast Head*, the *Oblique Oration*—what could any mortal desire more than these? At nights my mother read to me, and when Christmas eve came what was more fitting than the story of the Bogle. Nearly half a century has rolled by since that far-off Christmas eve, and the gentle voice that then read to me has long been silent in the grave. Do you wonder why I treasure that old volume, or why I have appreciated your reading aloud of the *Bogle* at Christmas time? That volume was my mother's gift, given to me not without sacrifice on her part. It was my first great possession. When the *Bogle* is read to me, it recalls other days, and I see once more the face of her who through her gift gave me not only many happy hours, but developed within my mind a love for the great, the true, and the beautiful . . .

19th November, 1929.

. . . I remember I used to have visions, delightful, entrancing, golden dreams they were, too. They came to me like kind fairies in my sleep; they came to me even more persistently during my wakeful hours. They came bringing the fragrant odour of the springtime; they came like rays of summer sun. Many of them were fulfilled, too, but few exactly in the manner I anticipated. Some faded, as fades the rose, and this gave me pain. Years afterwards I was thankful that some dreams never came true, that some hopes and longings were denied me.

Among the lesser and practically unimportant desires which I entertained at your age, was a wish to visit Madrid. I had been interested in the story of the Moors in Spain, with the account of the Gypsy tribes in Castile, and with the historical

significance of old Madrid. I began the study of Spanish, and although I went considerably beyond your knowledge of Urdu, the task was not continued. Neither have I as yet walked past the *Puerta del Sol* in that Spanish city . . .

30th October, 1927.

. . . In chronological sequence I believe the first great wish to grow up in my mind, was the desire to see the Alps. Its genesis was no doubt in a simple reading lesson of my early school days. I read of Switzerland and the eternal snows. Year after year the longing persisted to visit that land, but not until I was 24 years of age did I tread the Alpine snows, or gaze upon that wonderful world of mountains.

- I likewise had a strong yearning which also must have been begotten in early childhood, to take my mother to Matlock. . . . For many years, on the shelf of the old home, there stood a couple of little cups which, somewhere about the year 1848, had been brought from Matlock into Buckinghamshire, by a deceased sister of my mother. It was a great adventure in those days for village people to venture so far from home, and for what purpose my aunt travelled to the Derwent valley I do not know. But I do know that the story of that visit was told and retold, surely hundreds of times. When I was a little child my mother often told it to me, until the place became a veritable wonderland to my youthful imagination; I longed to see the spot, but greater by far was the desire to take my mother there. To my abiding satisfaction that day came at last, a glorious summer day when my mother stood with me upon the Victoria Tower of the Heights of Abraham, and saw with her own eyes the sights of that Derwent spa, which her sister had visited and seen so long before.

Let me cite an instance of a 'wish' in connection with my father. He also told me simple but impressive stories when I was a child. He had in his nature at one time some slight leanings towards militarism. His grandfather had been one of the little company who, at the battle of Corunna, was told off after sunset, to inter the fallen hero of that day:

*We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning*

and my great grandfather was one of them. My father as a young man had belonged to the Militia, and I still have, I believe, in my tool chest, a fragment of a brass ornament from one of his helmets. In addition to this he had a friend of many years standing—a Mr. Law by name, an old gentleman who, in his youth, had fought under Wellington at Waterloo. There he was wounded, and as soon as conditions permitted he was invalided home. His wounds could scarcely have been in his legs, for he walked the last stage of his journey from London to Northampton, 65 miles, in one day. Times without number my father must have listened eagerly to Mr. Law's recital of his adventures, for these were passed on to me with all the graphic touches of an eye-witness. I do not think that my father ever indulged the hope of seeing for himself that far-famed battlefield, but there grew up in my own mind a wish, that someday I should be able to take him to the places he had so often seen in vision, and especially the spot near to Mont St. Jean, where his friend Mr. Law had been struck by a French bullet. Do 'all things come to those who wait'? *Je crois que non*. But this came. Thus it was that on my second visit to Belgium my father accompanied me. To his inexpressible delight we visited the scenes of the great battle. La Haie sainte, la Belle Alliance, le chateau d'Hugomart, Plancenoit, Waterloo—we tramped round the lot, and I returned to England with another of life's longings gratified. . . .

. . . Let me tell you the story of some of my early days. I have already referred to my school days. About the age of 16 my daily routine was somewhat changed. I became an apprentice to what, outside the railway shops, would be called the trade of carpenter and joiner. For the seven years which followed I had a very full time. Every day, except Sundays and holidays, I had to leave home at 5.15 a.m., in order to be at my work a mile and a half away at 6 o'clock prompt. My breakfast and dinner were, as a rule, packed the night before. At 8.15 we had a break of $\frac{3}{4}$ hour for breakfast. This I had to prepare. There were no infusors in those days. A spoonful of tea leaves plus a few lumps of sugar were put in a tin can, and this vessel was then filled with water from a steam boiler. No milk ever came our way. The lid of the can served as a drinking cup. Over a thousand others shared the hall in

which we fed, and although the little bit of table allotted to each was only about 10 inches deep by 20 inches wide, I always found room for my books. They were propped up against the back division, a board about 10 inches high which ran down the middle of the long, narrow tables, to separate one's territory from that of the man opposite. In this way I mastered the first book of Euclid, the elements of Greek, and some Hebrew. Dinner was from 1 to 2 o'clock, and this generally gave half an hour for study. At 5.30, after $9\frac{3}{4}$ hours work, we were usually dismissed for the day, although at times we went on working until 7.30 and even 9 or 10 o'clock. In this way I reached home under normal conditions soon after 6 o'clock. A quick tea, wash, change, and another $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile walk enabled me to reach the Science and Art Institute by 7 o'clock. There were remarkably few nights, save in summer, when this was not done. When one has been astir, and actively engaged for 14 hours at a stretch, it might be supposed that it was permissible to slacken; many of course did. But I really enjoyed going on, and I did go on, every night, until the school closed at 10 p.m. Then followed a $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile walk home—and to bed. During all those years I rarely, if ever, took supper. Seventeen and a half hours solid slog—day after day. In these easy-going times few realize the meaning of a strenuous life. Yet I have no quarrel with the past. If a young man I would willingly trudge the same old road again. To live and to learn, to scorn delights and live laborious days, to sit at the feet of scholars,—ah! life was worth living. My blessing on the 'good old times' . . .

. . . To return to my student days. . . . I fell in with some never-to-be-forgotten men. There was M. Burvenich, the French master; he was a curiosity. 'Old Joe', of radium fame, the laboratory assistant, was a genuine Irish original. 'Old Abraham', otherwise Mr. Abraham Goyer, the Physics lecturer, also belonged to a species all his own. But man! what times we had!!! Froggy with his subjunctive moods; Joe with his stinks; and Abraham with his Leyden Jars and Bunsen cells, it was the seventh heaven to me. Still do I recall the moaning of the wind in the ventilators as, on the winter's night, Old Abraham prosaically discoursed on rarefactions and condensations, or struggled to obtain a spark from an unresponsive electrophorus. But even more interesting were my friends, the vicar and his son Frank.

Both were Oxford men, and Frank was curate to his father. A great friendship sprang up between us. Frank lectured on Maths., and Geology, both of which courses I attended. He it was who, at my suggestion, instituted a Saturday afternoon class in Latin, which of course I attended, and where I made my initial acquaintance with *Caesar de bello Gallico*. Frank it was who invited myself and the schoolmaster of Wolverton to share his company when, with a 3" refractor in the Backs, we viewed the planets and nebulae. I vividly recall my first glimpse of the trapezium in Orion. But the greatest man was the vicar himself. A great scholar, the reputed master of nearly a dozen languages, the founder of the Institution, and vicar of Wolverton for a whole generation, he it was who made by far the greatest impression upon me. In my time the vicar lectured principally upon Astronomy, Botany, and what was—and perhaps still is—called Physiography. He invariably used his own lecture apparatus, and *inter alia* one instrument in particular had for me a perennial fascination. This was a Tate's Air Pump. Pneumatics then, and ever since, has greatly interested me, and many a time did I cast longing eyes upon that pump. Oh, how I wished that I, too, possessed such a wonderful machine. My dear missionary, my erudite professor, do you wonder why, in our front room cupboard, there now stands a Tate's Air Pump? It needs overhauling, for it fails at times to produce anything like a decent vacuum, but in one thing it *never* fails; it never fails to revive—to pump up from the vasty deep, the days of long ago, and the shade of my old master whose influence and teaching have helped me all through life. . . .

From the Wolverton Express (November, 1927).

. . . Forty years ago Dr. Albert Lindow, then an Inter. M.B. of London, was our teacher in Chemistry, with Mr. Joe Plant as laboratory assistant. What times we had! The Doctor came down from town on Saturdays for the weekly lecture. Tunncliffe and I must have been trusted more than we deserved, for we obtained permission to have the key of the Chemistry room in order to arrange the apparatus for the night's lesson. I must confess that on most occasions we did a little unauthorised scientific research on our own. Tunncliffe found even a keener delight in what he called a 'bust up' than I did,

and that is saying a great deal. I am afraid that certain chemicals disappeared with abnormal rapidity, and that even the unsuspecting doctor was surprised. Well do I remember the night we prepared a quantity of iodide of Nitrogen, a substance innocent enough when wet, but which explodes at the slightest touch when dry. This we arranged in small pieces on the top of a low wall in a certain part of the town where cats were wont to take their nocturnal rambles. Nothing happened for a while, the paste being still moist. But towards midnight what sounded like the report of a gun rang out through the silent streets, followed by another and yet another. At the touch of some feline paw the iodide had exploded with a loud bang, but quite harmlessly. I believe inquiries were instituted, but the mystery of the midnight bombardment, so far as I know, was never solved. 'Who shot the cat?' was a question often asked but never satisfactorily answered. Tunncliffe kept the secret, so did I. Happily Sherlock Holmes had not as yet begun his famous investigations.

When Dr. Lindow resigned his position as teacher of Chemistry, Mr. Plant—or to use the name by which he was universally known—'Old Joe', was chosen to succeed him. Joe was *sui generis*, original, unique. A born humorist, witty, unconventional, full of good nature, he gathered the fellows about him in a bond of genial friendship. None would claim that Joe was a scholar, but what he lacked in erudition he made up for in devotion, and in the enthusiasm with which he followed his favourite branches of science. He exercised a wholesome influence among boys, and never did I know him tell an unclean story, or do a mean deed. . . .

30th October, 1927.

. . . The year 1887 was an outstanding year in my history. It was the jubilee year of Queen Victoria, but let that pass. In the year 1887 I was baptised, in that year I attended my first communion, and in that year I first began to preach. In that year other forces began to stir within my mind, one of which, some two years later, had assumed definite shape. In August, 1899, I found myself in Paris. It was my first trip abroad. But the desire to undertake a much longer journey than to the French capital 'gat hold upon me'—as the Psalmist says. Not to

La ville lumière did I wish to go, but to the land of darkness. I wished to go out as a missionary to the Congo River. In those days in the Baptist community, we boys heard a great deal about the Congo missions. George Grenfell, the Comber family, and others, had initiated the Baptist missions in the Cameroons and West Equatorial Africa. From San Salvador, right inland to Stanley Pool and to Lukolelo, stations had been established along the banks of the great waterway which Stanley had recently explored for some 2,000 miles. The missionary officials in London favoured my offer, as did Dr. Culross, Principal of the Bristol Baptist College. But there were no scholarships, or exhibitions, or grants in those days, available for my preparation and college course, and the way was not open to proceed. I did not then know as I do now, that

*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will;*

and that my vocation was the home ministry. If I had sailed for the Congo as I wished to do, with my friend Popley of Bristol College I might have shared his fate. Poor lad! within 12 months he was laid to rest in an African grave. . . .

7th December, 1927.

. . . In December 1893, I found myself . . . in the old town of Lancaster. I was engaged on electrical work for the State Railways of the Argentine Republic. I liked my work. I had no thought of offering for the ministry although I did a considerable amount of work as a Lay Preacher. One night I dreamed a dream. I saw a figure—it might have been the man of Macedonia, saying 'Come and help us.' When the morning dawned the dream did not fade. But I did not relate the dream to anyone or give any hint of my experience. The dear old people with whom I lodged used to call each other, just as everybody else called them, Uncle and Aunt. At breakfast I made some incidental remark about my work. Said Aunt: 'Uncle's been a bit concerned about you of late, he thinks you ought to give up that sort of work and enter the ministry.'

A day or two later I met the minister in one of the streets. 'Ah,' he said, 'I've been wanting to see you; has it ever occurred to you that you ought to become a candidate for the ministry?'

I said, 'Has my landlord been talking to you about me?' 'No,' he said, 'Not a word.'

On the Sunday, the hymns and everything had a dig at me along the same lines. My chum at work who knew nothing of what was happening said, 'Do you know, I think you ought to go in for the ministry.' I did not mention anything in my letters home, 200 miles away. But at Christmas I travelled up for the holidays. As I sat getting my tea upon arrival, my father remarked: 'Your Aunt Tryphena came over a few days ago and specially asked to see you'. 'Oh!' I said, 'Does the dear old thing want to give me a Christmas box?' 'No, not exactly; but she has it on her mind that you ought to enter the ministry.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but that, apart from a hundred other considerations, would cost a lot for books, and for time off for study.' 'Certainly, but your Aunt has recognised all that, and will give you £30 towards this expense. She is so sure that you ought to take this up that she has already drawn a little money from the bank. Tomorrow if you will call, there is £15 for you right away, and the remainder whenever you need it.'

I cannot tell one tenth of the strange story. Suffice it to say that early in January I returned to Lancaster, and my Aunt's £15—fifteen golden sovereigns—lay in my pocket. By March I was well ahead with my Divinity studies, in May I took the highest place at the District examination, and at the end of August I was a minister in Cardiff, my attainments exempting me from College training. . . .

In this strange way, after years of serious preparation for electrical engineering, my father was called to the Christian ministry. Forty years later he wrote, 'I expected to return to Lancaster to take up my electrical work; I went back—a student for the ministry. I gave up a good prospect, but from that day to this I have never doubted, and never regretted the call.'

After being accepted as a candidate for the ministry, he was sent to Cardiff in 1894 for a provisional year. During the year he spent much of his spare time studying medicine, for he still hoped that he might become a

missionary. This, however, was not to be. In 1895 he entered on a four years' probation, two of which were spent at Kirkstall, near Leeds, and two in Morley. During these years he was engaged on further theological studies, and not only passed the examinations with flying colours, but was one of the prizemen of his year. At Sheffield, in July, 1899, he was ordained to the full ministry of the Methodist Free Church (now, after two unions, a part of the reunited Methodist Church).

In these early years the leading ideas which characterized his thinking and teaching had already become apparent. The earliest of my father's sermons of which a record has remained is one which was preached at the close of his ministry in Morley. The report is of interest: 'Taking for his text in the morning the words of Heb. xiii. 14: "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come", he reminded his hearers that never had these words a deeper meaning than in the closing days of this great 19th century. In these days of steam and electricity permanence of abode to multitudes of people had given place to the nomadic life of primitive tribes and nations. We realized, as never before, the unity of the world, and whether engaged in pursuit of its treasures or in the fulfilment of one's duties and responsibilities, the motto seemed to be "keep moving". Here we were like ships driven to and fro upon the wild sea of life, but beyond the mists lay the morning land and the everlasting hills, where the beloved of God would dwell with Him for ever.' This last thought is one upon which he dwelt continually and increasingly, until it became for him one of the great abiding truths.

In Morley he became engaged to Miss Alice Thackray, of Gildersome, and was married in December, 1899. Such a marriage, in which there was complete

unity of spirit and purpose, could bring nothing but joy. At the time of his marriage he had already entered upon a new period of work in Market Rasen, in Lincolnshire, and Mrs. Taylor shared wholeheartedly in all his labours.

Market Rasen brought new tasks, and new opportunities. The circuit to which he was appointed was very extensive, including a number of small country churches. This circumstance involved long journeys, often of many miles. This was before the days of bus services, or any kind of motor traffic, but bicycles were available, and he would frequently cycle to his appointments, along the flat and deserted Lincolnshire roads. Sometimes, also, a horse and trap were used.

In those days, as today, a Methodist minister had no settled home. Every few years he must needs pull up his roots, and transport himself and his possessions to a new sphere of activity. And so it came about that as the years went by, he passed on from circuit to circuit, with widening interests, increasing knowledge and experience, and an ever-deepening influence on those who worked with him. Three years were spent at Market Rasen, then three more at Ilkeston, on the borders of Derbyshire. There is no written record of these years, but they were richly filled. His early interest in Astronomy was not forgotten, and nothing delighted him more than to lecture on this subject. A cutting from an Ilkeston paper of forty years ago gives a long account of one of these lectures: 'Under the auspices of the Ilkeston Arts Club an interesting lecture on "Astronomy and Its Uses" was given in the Free Library on Friday evening by the Rev. F. G. Taylor, Free Methodist minister, of this town. There was a large attendance . . . The lecturer . . . illustrated some of his points with large diagrams or blackboard draw-

ings.' This was characteristic, he believed strongly in the use of the blackboard, and illustrations of every kind. 'Things seen'—he would say—'are mightier than things heard.'

At Ilkeston my father undertook large structural changes in the church, for which his early mechanical training stood him in good stead. This aroused considerable interest. We find references to 'the rev. gentleman in his shirt sleeves' in the local paper: 'At Ebenezer for some time lately the Rev. F. G. Taylor has been seen with his coat off hard at work superintending and with his own muscles helping the extensive internal alterations rendered necessary for the erection of the new organ which is to be placed there during the next few months.' The structural difficulties were considerable, involving the demolition of nearly half the schoolroom, the disturbance of gas and water pipes, the construction of a new vestry, and much besides. But, with the co-operation of a willing band of workers, the work was carried through successfully. Nor was this the last occasion upon which his early technical training was put to good use, for there must be very few of his churches which do not bear some mark of his skill. He has built pulpits and constructed reading-desks, introduced proper ventilation, installed electric light, and his bookshelves are to be found in many manses up and down the country.

The two eldest sons were born in Ilkeston, and the youngest in Worksop, the next circuit. One year was spent there, followed by four in London, at Mitcham and Walham Green. It was during these years that the idea of the 'Bible School' emerged, of which we shall speak later. He realized more clearly than before that two great enemies in the Christian life of individuals and

churches, were ignorance and prejudice. He recognized the tenacity with which people cling to outworn creeds, and love the darkness rather than the light. In a church magazine of about this time we find him writing:

As a result of patient plodding investigation we behold a thousand wonders our forefathers knew not of. Little by little, at great cost, truths are won. . . . There are people who cannot for the life of them understand why the world should not stand still; and who try to evade the fact of progress. All that is to be known is known, our view of nature must be the view for all time, we have become accustomed to our groove wherein we mean to stay—such is the argument. . . .

When a man sits down to half an hour's study of the scripture, he does so believing that at the end of that half-hour he will see more in the passage, and know more about it, than he did before. But should a thousand men study that passage, for a thousand half-hours, and the task be repeated until the half-hours become a century, and the combined result of all this labour gathered together and published, then in this case it is frequently assumed that the result would be nil, or the view misleading, or the conclusion less valuable than that of a century before. . . .

Surely it would be a miracle of evil, if the combined labours of the world's choicest saints and scholars, toiling in all parts of the Christian world, reverently and prayerfully exploring the Sacred Scriptures year in and year out, if all this toil were unproductive and barren.

Moving from London in 1910, the next home was Stonebroom, in Derbyshire, where four years were spent. As in the Lincolnshire days, he found himself in a circuit composed of many scattered village churches, the most distant being Ashover, six miles away. The family were growing older, and many of our early recollections are associated with Stonebroom and the surrounding villages. The bracing Derbyshire air came as a very welcome change after the crowded and smoky city, and gave us all new vigour and health.

The names of many of the villages remain familiar—Higham, Shirland, Brackenfield, Ashover; the very names are beautiful. Ashover, in particular, was an old-world village lying in a beautiful valley, only three miles from Matlock, and though I have not seen it for many years, the memory of its gentle beauty remains. It was in this district that my father gave us our first interest in geology, showing us how to look for fossils in the limestone rocks. Part of our collection is still preserved, not only fossils, but also specimens of galena and fluorite, both of which occur in the neighbourhood of Ashover.

I recall also visits to Brackenfield. Some of the church members were farmers, and it was a great joy to go in summer when the hay was being gathered, and to share the generous hospitality of a farm kitchen. We learned in those days a great love of nature and the open air. Nor was astronomy forgotten. A small telescope was set up in the garden, and with this instrument many interesting observations were made. It was a fresher world altogether than the London street where we had spent our early childhood.

In August, 1914, the great war began, and three weeks afterwards we moved to New Mills, on the border of Derbyshire and Cheshire. In this grey town on the edge of the Pennine Hills, the long years of the war were spent. They were dark and difficult days. Many of the finest young men of the churches were away fighting their country's battles. Church work was carried on under difficulties, the war cast its black shadow over everything, workers were few, those who remained behind were anxious and distressed, and much of the normal routine of life was disturbed. But during these sorrowful days much of my father's best work was accomplished. The Bible School now took on its final form, and for five

strenuous years he gave himself to the upbuilding of the spiritual life of the churches. One church in particular—Furness Vale, in the county of Cheshire, gave him special joy. Here was a church which was, in many ways, a model of what a church ought to be. The rich and loving fellowship among the members, their spontaneous co-operation, their generous appreciation, their desire to put first things first, all these brought him great delight. It was here that he found his Philippi—indeed he would sometimes refer to it by that name.

A perusal of the Bible School syllabuses shows that the interest in science was maintained. We boys often went with him to Furness Vale, to Mellor, and other churches in the circuit, tramping for miles over the Derbyshire hills. When there was a science lecture, we had sometimes to carry the apparatus, but the experiments were a never-failing reward. The audiences were keenly appreciative of these science lectures, which were most copiously illustrated, if not with experiments, then with diagrams, blackboard sketches, or lantern slides. In his own mind there was no dissociation between these science lectures and those on the Bible. In the ministry of teaching both had a place, and in each he sought to exhibit some aspect of God's truth. But he always insisted that it was one truth, not two. The revelation of God coming to us through nature differs from that of the Bible, but it is the same God who is 'in all, and through all, and over all.'

The ministry in New Mills lasted five years, and then we moved again, this time to Clay Cross. Clay Cross is a small town on the edge of the Derbyshire coalfield, only three miles from Stonebroom. After prolonged negotiations the two circuits had been united, and Clay Cross was now the centre of the united circuit. It was

now a large circuit, with a dozen or more scattered churches, and two ministers were appointed to it. After four years in Stonebroom, many of the churches were familiar, and it was a joy to renew old friendships. But one may venture to doubt whether it is always wise to return again to the scene of former labours. In some of the churches it is perhaps not unfair to say that the spiritual life was at a low ebb, and I do not think he found again in Clay Cross the joy that he had known in Furness Vale. One may say of him, as was said of our Lord, nineteen hundred years ago, 'He could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands on a few sick folk and healed them.'

In 1923 came the call to South Shields, and in August of that year he left Clay Cross, never to return. For many years his work had lain in the Midlands, and it was something of a venture to travel so far North, and begin a new work amidst unfamiliar surroundings and amongst unknown people. Most of his previous work had been in large country circuits, with many small churches scattered over a large area; he was now called to the pastorate of a single church. True, there were other churches in the circuit, but it would probably be fair to say that more than two-thirds of his time and effort were devoted to the one church. In this church (named 'Zion', as is the fashion of Methodist nomenclature) he found again the joy of effective service, amongst a congregation of loyal Christian people. In this church he began his last great work, and for seven years he exercised a great and noble ministry amongst his people. A change came after two years, when the old Zion church, unsuitable in many ways, was sold, and the congregation joined with that at Westoe, half a mile away.

We boys had in the meantime grown older, and were

away from home most of the time. This my father felt keenly; it was a sign of the passing of the years. In 1927 I sailed for India, to take up my work in Bombay; and although this brought to him a very deep joy the sorrow of parting was hard to bear. We began at that time a weekly correspondence which was not broken until his last illness, and which for me has been one of life's great enriching experiences. His letters were no ordinary letters, but he put into them his whole mind and spirit. Through them I came to know him, to understand his thoughts and methods, his purposes and ideals, better than would otherwise have been possible. The letters remain as a permanent possession; through them 'he being dead yet speaketh'.

Towards the end of his time in South Shields there is no doubt that he began to be conscious of the burden of the years. The long northern winters, often so dark and wearisome, weighed upon him heavily. The winter of 1928 was particularly dreary. In February he wrote:

11th February, 1928.

. . . For a few minutes this morning the sun is shining, but this terrible weather drags upon one, both in mind and body, like an intolerable weight. The weight produces a persistent weariness, a burden one cannot throw off. Just as the Psalmist longed for the wings of a dove so do we long for the sunshine to return. . . . Happy mortal to live on a sun-kissed shore, and to escape the dreary gloom of this horrible winter. . . .

It seemed to come to him more and more that the evening of life was approaching. Sometimes he would speak of it:

17th November, 1928.

. . . I advise you to keep alive the memories of your youth, of your old home, of your schools and colleges, of present experiences, for some day these will be of great interest to you. The days are coming when those you have known will be

scattered far and wide; when scenes will have changed beyond recognition; when many a voice will be silent for ever; when the hand that writes these words will have finished its labours. . . .

6th November, 1927.

. . . My ancestors belong to a long-lived race. Your grandfather reached his 87th year, and *his* father lived nearly as long. Succeeding generations do not necessarily inherit the longevity of their predecessors. But even if they do, it still holds good that I shall soon enter into the 7th decade of my terrestrial pilgrimage, and already there are times in the still evening, when methinks I hear the moaning of the waters on the western shore. When one has passed the crest of life's hill, the fleeting years speed on apace. *Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni!* The downward journey towards the sunset is strangely reminiscent of the laws of falling bodies. Acceleration, continuous and unrelenting, seems to act upon every molecule of one's being. . . .

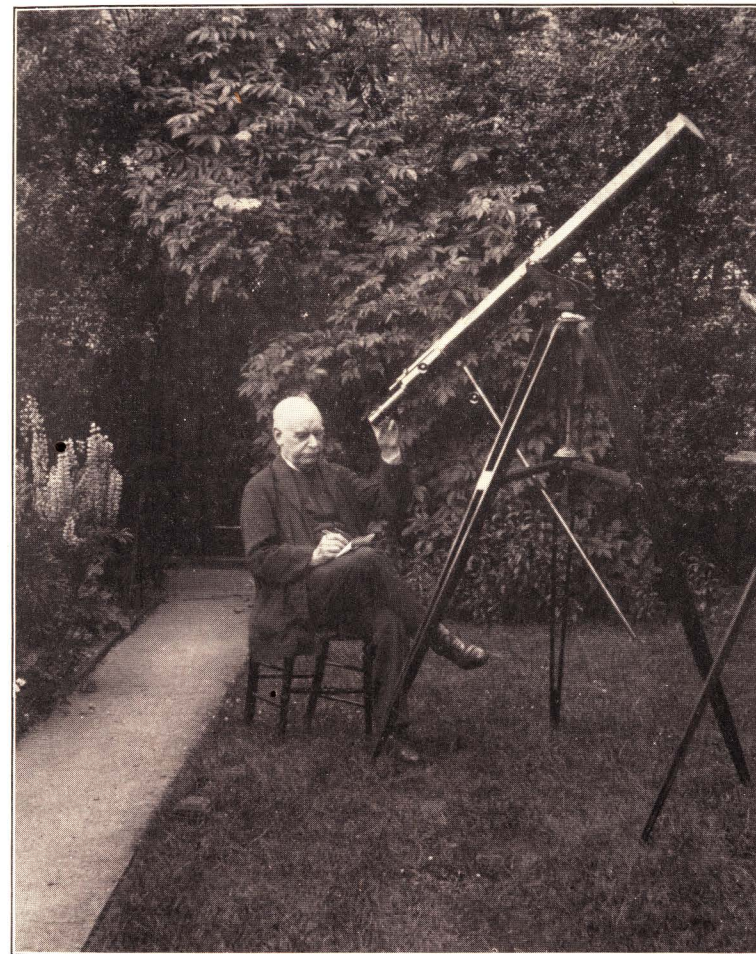
After seven years of effective work in South Shields the prospect of moving did not appeal to him, for he had come to approve much less of the itinerant system of Methodism. But in all the uncertainty belonging to the time when the past must be left behind, and a new work begun, he was increasingly conscious of the guidance of an unseen hand. A call came from a Newcastle church, and for some weeks he hesitated.

23rd April, 1929.

. . . I have not yet decided our fate for the next few years. . . . If I say 'No' to Newcastle as seems most likely, we shall again be on the wide lone sea of uncertainty. Still, however pagan one becomes at times, there is always present a conviction of the truth of Shakespeare's lines—

*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.*

I can testify that that guidance has not failed me for upwards of 40 years. Sometimes the light has shone more clearly than at other times, but it has never gone out. This is the great



IN THE MANSE GARDEN AT
SOUTH SHIELDS, ABOUT 1928

feature of the present situation—I can see no star over Newcastle. I half wish I could.

Here, then, for the moment I leave it. Newman's hymn often helps me—

So long Thy power hath blessed me—sure it still

Will lead me on . . .

A week later the decision had been made, and he wrote again:

30th April, 1929.

. . . You refer to my possible flight to Jesmond N/c. It's off. Only last night I dropped the final reply into the post box: it said—'No'. I hesitated a moment as I stood at the letter box, for so much may depend on a very simple act. Whenever one comes to the parting of the ways, so much depends on a decision. Whether one chooses A or B—a whole train of sequences ensue affecting not only one's own life but a hundred others. I look back many a time to occasions when I have chosen A, and have wondered what experiences I should have had if the choice had been B. A hundred people I know today, half of whom I love, I should never have known. Episodes, full of interest and pleasure, now remembered with gratitude, would not have been mine.

Once again I have stood at the parting of the ways. The path is pretty straight and clear up to August, 1930. From that point a hundred pathways radiate. N/c alone is named, and now that is crossed off. All others are marked α , they are unknown. . . .

Almost nervously I dropped my 'no' into the pillar box, but I have no misgivings. I feel no temptation with a bent pin on a string to fish my letter out again. It will be in N/c now, and I have no regrets. . . .

As the time for leaving drew nearer, it became clearer that it would be hard to break the old associations, and plunge once more into the unknown. These thoughts occupied his mind during his last year in South Shields.

3rd June, 1929.

. . . I feel quite distressed at the thought of leaving Shields.

Six years ago . . . strangers in a strange land, not a soul did we know among the crowds we passed. But how different six years later. Quite a crowd of folk have become very dear to us. We have met with generous friendships, and have received many kindnesses during our residence here. One has mixed with people in their joys and sorrows, learned the story of their lives, and received their confidences, that they have become part of one's very self. And dearer than all are the sixty or more young people who have grown up during these years,—young men and maidens upon whose heads one's hands have been laid in solemn dedication, as they vowed their vows of loyalty to their Lord and King. In our Church fellowship, as in our home life in this town, there has been a great deal of happiness. Never before in all our wanderings has there been the freedom, fellowship, and close intimacy with so many friends, young and old, as here. I shall be sorry to leave all this.

But not only so. It becomes more and more evident that many of our ministers feel as I feel. Every year we have resignations, and our men go over to the Anglican community. If younger I would do the same,—to that or Presbyterianism. To be an itinerant was right enough in the days of Abraham and Lot, Esau and Jacob, and all that tribe. But in these days one longs for a settled home. Even poor old Abraham, if I remember rightly 'looked for a city'; he was doubtless 'fed up' with being everlastingly on the tramp from circuit to circuit. . . .

By the end of 1929 the die was cast, and a call to Carlisle had been accepted. In the summer of 1930 the long and fruitful ministry at South Shields came to an end. Members of the church, and many others, were united in generous expressions of appreciation and goodwill, and many tokens of gratitude and affection were given.

On Wednesday, August 26th, my father arrived in Carlisle. First impressions were favourable, although in the first letter, written a day or two after arrival, he could only speak of the outward and visible things:

1st September, 1930.

. . . We left Shields last Wed. . . . It was not without considerable emotion that one turned away from an abode wherein one has spent many happy and memorable times, including your own visits from time to time. The little garden that we loved was shining in the sunshine as we turned away, and not without a feeling of regret did we leave it behind. . . .

The manse is better than we expected. . . . The law of compensation—gains and losses—always operates. We have lost, and we have gained. We have not the Harton garden, but we have a few square yards which with work and gumption can be made very tidy. The front is open—i.e. it faces an open space with churches and trees in view. The back overlooks a beautiful bowling green.

Mam is delighted to find that the oven goes well—thus we shall have the famous custards continued. The water is pleasant to wash *in* and *with*. There is apparently some lime and some iron in the water, but the terrible hardness of Sunderland water we have left behind. Yesterday was our first day at the church, and all things considered, to us—and I think to the folks—it was satisfactory all round. The church is not bad, as things go. Thank heaven there is no gallery. The pulpit is low. The acoustics present no trouble, indeed are unusually good. Ventilation as usual is defective. And alas! the choristers sit behind the minister. The organ is small, but of good quality, and well played. The people are pleasant, sociable, united, and with an air of culture and refinement which is quite pleasing. We might have gone further and fared worse. . . .

As on previous occasions, the first task was that of settling in:

17th September, 1930.

. . . Slowly, but I think surely, we are settling in our new abode. So much has to be done before one's old familiar pictures, books, Leyden jars, air pumps, etc., are standing there as of old, radiating an invisible, intangible, inodourous, inaudible inspiration to the occupier of the 'den'. In these days the carpenter's bench is of great service, and the shavings whistle out of the plane the livelong day. Chaos is yielding to Cosmos;

a heterogeneous pile of material transported from Shields is slowly assuming a dignified order and tidyness. . . .

Again he found use for his early training. There was no electric light in the manse, and so, only a few months after arrival, he put in the whole installation single-handed. It was a big task, and took time which could ill be spared, but greatly added to the comfort and convenience of the house.

Since 1927, he had looked forward with great eagerness to my return from India. Often, in his letters, he would refer to the passing of the years, and look forward with hope and trust to the time of reunion. A letter dated October 21st, 1930, reads:

. . . It rains—pours in fact. So it did three years ago to-night when you and I had our last walk. And three years ago, come tomorrow morning, you left us. The 'City of Paris' still hangs on the wall—we see it every day and think of you. More than half of your time has passed, and we await almost impatiently the close of the second half, when once more you will spot the Bishop Lighthouse—and know that just beyond the horizon lies England and home . . . and all we have dreamed of during these long years of waiting. God grant it may be so. . . .

First impressions of Carlisle had been favourable, but as time passed my father increasingly missed many of the opportunities of service which he had known in South Shields. Indeed he wondered at times whether it would not be wise to move again.

20th January, 1931.

. . . Whether we stay here is at present uncertain. In some ways we are comfortable, the house isn't at all bad or at any rate it won't be after I've finished off sundry improvements, and we've had a special go at Spring Cleaning some two months hence. The district is picturesque, the city quite good. The folk are friendly, and the church as a building is, not so 'impos-

sible' as many of our synagogues. But despite all this the feeling of depression comes over one. The church has no future. We have no school worthy of the name. We have scarcely any young people. . . . I never quite knew all that children meant to me until I came to a church where there are none. I knew to a greater extent what young people of 15 to 21 or so meant. I knew it when they became my best helpers. I knew it when I laid my hand upon them on the great Easter Day, and dedicated them to Christ and the Church. I knew it when I enjoyed their love and friendship. I knew it when they visited us at the manse. And now, to have a church with scarcely any of the above age, and to miss all that one formerly enjoyed, is unaccountably sad and depressing. . . .

. . . The country churches, too, are, for the most part, rather disappointing. The folk are kind, agreeable, and hospitable. But these country churches lack strong, intelligent men capable of leadership. Under our system I can do but little. Our city church is practically a pastorate . . . and here I have five other churches in addition. Apart from Longtown I give one Sunday evening's service per quarter, and one weeknight per month. What can one do for a church when, so far as Sundays go, four one-hour services per year is the maximum. . . . There is no chance for consecutive teaching, the development of dignified and orderly worship, and the influence of personality. . . .

And yet there were always the 'few sick folk' waiting to be healed, as my father gladly recognized. He remained for two more years, and doubtless there are those who remember his ministry in Carlisle with joy and gratitude. To me, the Carlisle manse was the home to which I returned after an absence of five and a half years, and the reunion brought with it the joy to which we had looked forward for so long.

In the spring of 1933 the future seemed very uncertain. He was nearing the retiring age. Methodist union had brought about many changes, and there were likely to be amalgamations of churches and circuits. Nothing was decided about the following year. Then the way

unexpectedly opened, and a call came from the little church in Kirkwhelpington.

For the last time the curtain fell on another period of service. On August 21st (I was again in India) he wrote:

. . . I have finished my work here—officially, but there are a few odd jobs I am doing. I am going to Longtown again to take a few books, also to Dalston to bid farewell to some of my sweet girls. Then on Sunday night I take the service at Carlisle, and *that* will be the last act.

The last note from Carlisle is dated August 28th, just before the departure:

. . . Tomorrow afternoon the van comes for our belongings, and at 10.15 on Wednesday we sail away to fields and pastures new. It is a great adventure, and yet we are following the Light—the Light that has never failed us yet—and we are satisfied that we are doing the right thing. . . .

At the close of his period in Carlisle, my father retired from the full work of the ministry. Kirkwhelpington is not a full charge, but one to which a retired minister gives some part of his time and energy, in shepherding a small village congregation. A small stipend is paid, which serves to supplement the retiring allowance. But although on the retired list, my father still considered himself on active service, and for two years gave to this small congregation the same effort and attention which he had been accustomed to give in preceding years.

Kirkwhelpington, twenty-one miles from Newcastle, along the Jedburgh road, is an unspoiled country village. Some years previously he had paid a short visit, and had written, 'One day we had a very enjoyable trip by motor bus to Kirkwhelpington—surely the quietest of quiet spots, very peaceful, very lovely, and "far from the madding crowd."' And now the prospect of living there

filled him with delight. True, there were obvious disadvantages, and others which became apparent with the passage of time, but he enjoyed the peace and beauty and quietness, and valued them greatly. The large garden and the open sky aroused the old enthusiasm for astronomy, and he spoke of this in his first letter:

4th September, 1933.

. . . We have landed in a lovely spot at last. Not from one, but from every window we have a beautiful view. We have any amount of room on all sides, and are not overlooked from anywhere, except aeroplanes and balloons. Of course the glory of the gardens is passing away, but even yet it is lovely in the sunshine.

The visitors at the holiday homes and boarding houses are enraptured with this district with its far-flung moors covered just now with the purple heather. The air is like nectar after the petrol-laden and smoke-polluted atmosphere of the town. And as for star-parties, we can see the stars down to the horizon. On a cloudless night (and we have had several already) the sky is magnificent. . . . Orion comes up with his balls of fire as we have not seen him for many a long year; whilst Aldebaran and Polaris and Al Fard and Arcturus wink to us knowingly as much as to say—'We are going to get a look-in at last.' I have already hinted to the schoolmaster's son that he will be invited to a 'star-party' on the lawn. East and South especially we have a perfectly clear outlook, a thing we have never had before. Of course the house itself comes in from the lawn, but from the other garden we can have a North view also. But from the front of the house we can sweep the telescope round about 130 deg. of uninterrupted horizon. And as this includes east and south you will understand how ideal it is for all astronomical pursuits. . . .

It might be thought that in the quietness of a country village there would be some rest from the strenuous toil which had characterised his life for more than half a century. But his sense of duty was strong, and his interests many. The workshop was set up in an old

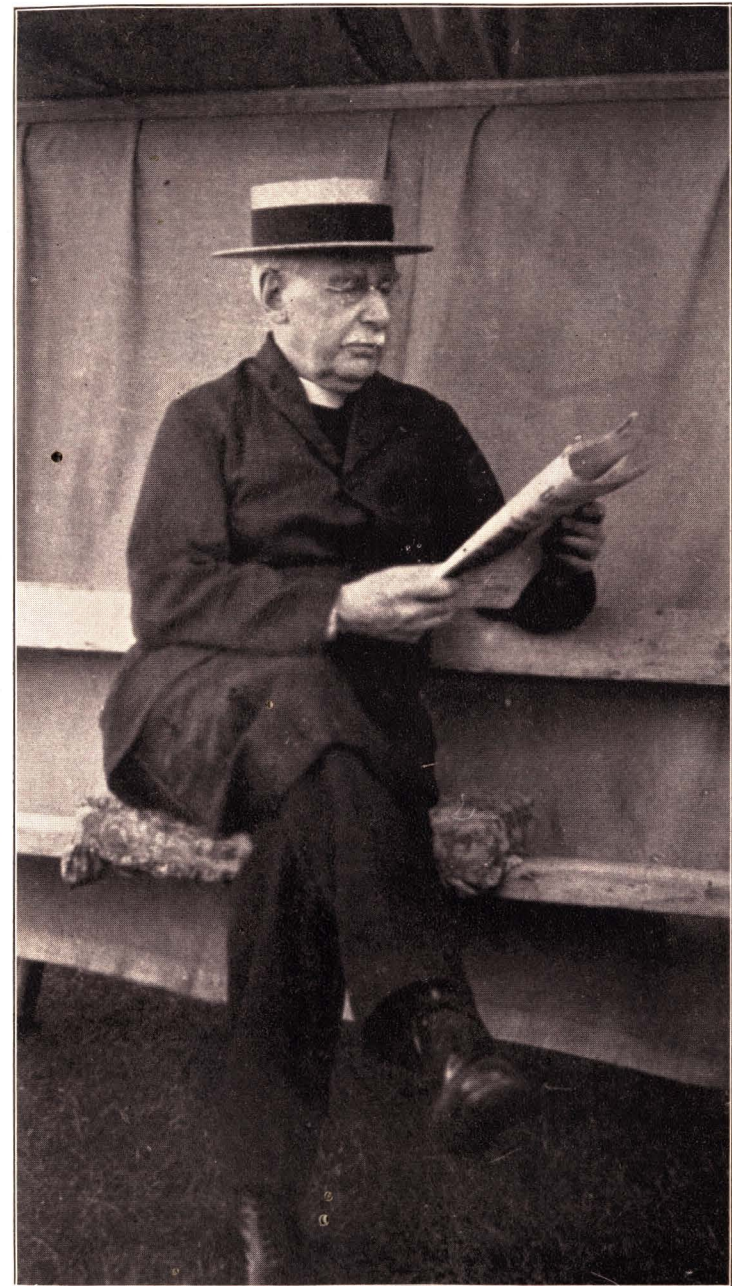
stable attached to the house, and was seldom out of use for long. Many improvements were made in the house, attention was given to the garden, and he did all that was possible for the upbuilding of the church. He found enough, and more than enough, to fill the time available:

28th November, 1934.

. . . Even out here in the silent wilderness there is more to do than one can find time for. The days are crowded, and much remains undone. When we came here I dreamed of a time of unmolested leisure, of ample space—far from the madding crowd—where I could pursue my researches in those subjects, scientific, linguistic, biblical, etc., in which my soul delighteth. I brought with me books I have not read, notes I have not worked up, gramophone records of French phonetics, and other things which are still practically unused. I wonder if it is ever to be so. Oh, for the quiet of some medieval cloister, some cave in the mountains where one can think and meditate. . . .

One of his great joys was the reunion of the family at Christmas, 1933. For the first time in seven years we were all gathered together; it was an event to which he had looked forward with passionate longing. To him, Christmas was always the great home festival, through all the years of his married life he was never away from home at Christmas time. It was an unspeakable satisfaction to him that after all the years, with their unforeseen changes, the whole family was able to gather in health and strength round the same fireside, to celebrate the feast together.

During 1934 I was at Cambridge, and was only able to be home occasionally for a few days at a time. But they were times of gladness and peace. As the months passed, and Christmas drew near again, we all realized that this would probably be the last time when we would all meet together as a family round the same fireside,



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT KIRKWHELPINGTON, JULY, 1935

and all conspired to make it a time of unbroken fellowship. On December 15th he spoke of this in a letter:

. . . We have been desirous of making this Christmas a memorable one on your account. As I wrote some time ago—never again in all probability shall we be able to celebrate the festival as we hope to do this time. We had some happy times at Christmas when you were far away, but none but ourselves could know of that touch of something not far removed from sadness, as almost continually through the otherwise pleasant hours, our thoughts wandered to the absent one far beyond the wide seas. It is in part the memory of all this that begets the hope that this coming feast will have about it that which will remain as a great and joyous recollection for ever. Now it is abundantly evident that you are directing your attention to the same end. . . .

Christmas, 1934, was indeed, as we had hoped it would be, a time of unbroken fellowship, and we entered into it with full and thankful hearts. There was nothing spectacular about the family gathering. Kirkwhelpington boasts none of the attractions of the city, and the time was spent in the manse, or in walking the Northumberland roads. It was a simple, homely gathering, but the fellowship of loving hearts made it into a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Words cannot express the deep and abiding joy which this simple experience brought to my father. He spoke of it again and again in his letters, and during his last illness he dwelt often upon the memory of it. This is what he wrote on January 23rd:

. . . Christmas seems to lie far back in paleolithic days, but its sweet, unfading, and imperishable memories bloom continually in the garden of the soul. In years to come when you are far beyond the wide seas, and your seat at our festal board is vacant, we shall oft recall that genial flow of merriment and goodwill that will for ever be associated with Christmas 1934. Yes! Christmas 1934! Weeks before it came to us with its bundle of joys, I indulged the hope that there would be something about

Christmas 1934 that would make it a most memorable occasion. Neither was I disappointed; my dream was fulfilled; my soul was satisfied. I think there was no happier Christmas anywhere than ours. Did I say it was gone, that it was away back in pre-historic time? Not a bit of it: it lives with us; it can never die. Voices will ever speak from the wealth of generous gifts which lie all around. There lies Andrée, there lies Greenland, there stands the wireless, there's the sketch book, there's the residue of the cheroots—not done even yet though it is a lend-out box—and even the racing turtles lie on my desk. But greater than all these material gifts there is that which is greater than all beside, the unseen and imperishable treasure of which the material is but a symbol and sign. . . .

On April 12th, after a short visit, I left Kirkwhelpington for the last time. On the 17th of May my parents joined me for a few days in Cambridge, and my father, long familiar with Oxford, delighted in learning something of the sister university. The few precious days quickly passed. On the 22nd I accompanied them to London. At half past nine that evening my father and I walked alone from the hotel in Bernard St. to King's Cross, from where I returned to Cambridge. A wave of the hand as the train left the station was the last glimpse I had of him.

The rest of the story is soon told. I returned to India, and they to Kirkwhelpington, and our correspondence recommenced. The rich fellowship we had enjoyed gave a new tone to his letters, even a greater depth and intimacy than we had known before. The illness commenced on August 10th. He realised plainly the danger which faced him, and his last letters, written from bed, were written in the full consciousness that they might well be his last. Through them his whole rich spirit found expression. His condition became more serious, and on the 25th he was taken to a nursing home in

Newcastle. On the 29th an operation was performed for gall-stone. Thereafter we followed his progress with anxious eyes. For a time he seemed to make progress, and it was hoped that he would make a complete recovery. But it was not to be. Three weeks after the operation, in the early morning of Friday, September 20th, he passed away quietly in his sleep.

He was not unprepared for the last great change; for several years he had been conscious that life's noontide was past, and its evening at hand. His life's work was done, and he could say with the Apostle Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' In later years he seemed to grow in sympathy and understanding, in gentleness and humility. His character seemed to take on a new depth and beauty. One who loved him wrote: 'For the last year I have often had a presentiment that he was soon to pass on—all his qualities seemed to have ripened, his generosity and kindness and love, his sense of humour and his happiness in every little thing. At the very height of his powers, when the goodness in him seemed to overflow its banks, he has passed on; spared the weariness of old age, spared the weakening of any of his faculties, spared a long illness or the weariness of an invalid's life . . . the love of his dear ones with him and round him.'

In the last months, he would sometimes use, and make his own, that beautiful prayer, 'Defend us, O Lord, all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work done. Then, Lord, in Thy mercy grant us safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last.'

Peace at the last . . . the prayer was answered, for God had called one of His saints to be with Him.

II

THE MAN HIMSELF

My father was a man of great and varied gifts. As a boy, however, he had none of the advantages which come to many in these days. His school days were short, and he began to work before the age of fourteen. It speaks much for his strength of character and tenacity of purpose that no obstacle, no difficulty, ever overcame his eager desire for knowledge.

This strength of character and tenacity of purpose were doubtless part of his natural endowment, fortified by his early training and by his own efforts. Joined with these was a boundless intellectual curiosity, a desire to know. He took the whole field of knowledge as his province, and the branches of learning which did not at some time engage his attention are few indeed.

Those who knew him in later life were frequently astonished at the range of his interests. His knowledge was wide, and in many places deep. Throughout his ministry he remained a student. Towards the end of his life he recognized that there were many subjects which he could now never hope to master, but always with a touch of whimsical regret at the thought of the treasure that could not be his. He delighted in the company of scholars, and his heroes were the great thinkers of all ages. 'I would canonise', he said characteristically, 'many whose names are not in the prayer book: St. Socrates, Kepler, Galileo, Pascal, Newton, Otto von Guericke, Scott, Shackleton, Nansen, Faraday, Pasteur, Kelvin, Drummond, Leonardo, Horrocks—and countless others for ever among the immortals.'

In any appreciation of my father's character and attainments, this then is the first thing that comes to mind. He was a student, a scholar, one who set an immense value upon knowledge, and the discovery of truth. 'Eternal life', he would say, 'is to *know*.' One of his earliest recollections was of watching the slow, solemn swing of the pendulum of the old grandfather clock, the clock which, sixty years afterwards, was one of his most prized possessions. It aroused in him both the sense of wonder and the spirit of enquiry, and it was to this that he traced his early interest in mechanics. Even in those early days he was conscious of the desire to know as one of the great impulses of his life.

Among the sciences his first love, perhaps, was chemistry, and he had many delightful recollections of the days when he studied this subject in the Science and Art Institute at Wolverton. Some of these have already been given. He remembered his old teachers with gratitude and affection. Five years' work gave him a wide and accurate knowledge of chemistry, and a delight in chemical experiments went with him through the years. Writing from Carlisle to an old friend and fellow-student he said:

6th August, 1932.

... You recall a Morley episode by your reference to my former chemical pursuits. Perhaps some smattering of wisdom comes with the years. At any rate in these modern days I do not make gas attacks—Chlorine or Sulphuretted Hydrogen—upon my guests. Peradventure the League of Nations might not approve. At the same time you would in all probability remark, should you find yourself in my den, that I have as many bottles as the Chemist at the end of the street. There is some truth in that, nevertheless my visitors never get beyond a sniff from this bottle or that, even then at their own special request and after adequate warning if the contents are exceptionally malodorous. What may be called the 'Materia Medica' section is occasional-

ly useful, and this may be said of the Photographic section . . . whilst the rest of the chemicals and apparatus serve to illustrate an occasional lecture during the winter session. . . .

The other sciences also claimed his attention; geology, botany, physics—he knew something of each. He had also a good general grasp of the principles of medicine, which often proved of value. The work of Pasteur aroused his interest in bacteriology, and I well remember the enthusiasm with which he would exhibit a test-tube containing a culture of *bacillus subtilis*. In physics his chief interests were pneumatics and electricity. His air pump was a treasured possession, which was often called into service to illustrate scientific lectures. His electrical knowledge was often put to practical use; in Carlisle, for instance, he himself installed electric light in the manse. His electrical apparatus, much of it acquired during his early training as an electrical engineer, was also pressed into service for the illustration of lectures on many occasions.

My father was also an able photographer. For many years he used a half-plate stand camera which was given to him when he left Ilkeston, and this instrument served him well for more than a quarter of a century. Having learned his photography in the early days, he seldom attempted the more modern processes, but adhered to the established methods which have stood the test of time. He almost invariably employed plates of moderate speed, and in making exposures relied more on his own judgement, based on long experience, than on an exposure meter. But his methods were justified by the results, for he obtained negatives of consistently good quality, and it was a very rare event for any to be spoiled. He invariably did his own developing and printing, and here, too, he followed established processes which he thoroughly understood, and seldom ventured beyond

them. Gaslight paper he seldom or never used, but he was a master in the use of printing-out paper, and many of his prints were of outstanding quality. To him a dark-room was a *sine qua non* in any house he occupied, and if none were available, then he would soon be busy in the workshop constructing shutters for the bath-room, or the scullery, or whatever room lent itself most readily to photographic processes. His enthusiasm for photography did not diminish with the years, and it is amusing to recall the many occasions on which pie dishes and dinner plates unaccountably disappeared from the kitchen, to be discovered later in the dark room, full of hypo!

In recent years my father used a small folding hand camera, taking roll films rather than plates. In June, 1935, he exchanged this for a small twin-lens reflex camera of the modern type. With these smaller cameras he obtained excellent results, but one may question whether he ever felt as much at home with them as with the half-plate camera which had served him so well. As with all his instruments, this camera was looked after with the greatest of care, and after thirty years of almost continuous use, it has still almost the appearance of a new camera.

But of all his many scientific interests astronomy, perhaps, could claim first place. He has told us of his delight when, as a boy, he had his first glimpse of the nebula in Orion. When at Lancaster he was for a whole year assistant at the observatory, and later in life was for some years a member of the British Astronomical Association. The study of astronomy brought with it a sense of awe and wonder and reverence. One is reminded of the prayer of the illustrious Kepler: 'O Thou, who by the light of nature dost enkindle in us a desire after the light of grace, that by this Thou mayest translate us into

the light of glory; I give Thee thanks, O Lord and Creator, that Thou hast gladdened me by Thy creation, when I was enraptured by the work of Thy hands.' It was a prayer that he could have made his own: the heavens, to him, declared the glory of God.

He was the proud possessor of an excellent 4" refractor, and those who were privileged to spend an hour with him in the garden on a clear winter's night will not easily forget the experience. One felt that the planets were his personal friends; and he followed their motions in the heavens with keen interest. In the days before wireless time signals, the occultations of the satellites of Jupiter were sometimes used to correct the manse clocks. Few books had a more honoured place in the library than the Nautical Almanac, of which he was never without the current volume. Visitors were often curious to know the purpose of the 24-hour watch, set to sidereal time, which stood on the desk in his study, and he would explain to them how a knowledge of the sidereal time, together with a glance at the star-chart which hung on the wall, enabled him to find the configuration of the heavens at any particular moment.

He sometimes wished for an opportunity of seeing the southern stars, which are not visible in European latitudes. When I came to India it was very natural that he should mention this :

6th November, 1927.

. . . For a sight of the famous *Crux Australis*, the Southern Cross—you will have to possess your soul in patience until April. Just now it passes overhead in daylight. I always think that the new appearances of the skies would to me be almost as interesting and attractive, as the novel terrestrial scenes—the pagodas, bazaars, temples, fakirs, begums, snakes, scorpions, maharajas, sutees, sadhus, and mosquitos, and all the stock in trade of Hindostan. . . .



IN THE GARDEN AT KIRKWHELPINGTON
JULY, 1935

The moon was always a favourite object of study, and he had a detailed knowledge of lunar topography. He loved to point out curious details of its surface structure, such as the Alpine Valley or the *Murus Rectus*, and, even if the night were cold, he always succeeded in conveying something of his enthusiasm to those who shared his vigil in the manse garden. The moon, too, formed a favourite topic for lectures, often illustrated with lantern slides.

It was not until recent years that he possessed a lantern of his own, and his earlier practice was to illustrate the lectures with large coloured diagrams prepared beforehand. He had an amusing story of one occasion, when, lecturing on some astronomical topic, he was engaged before the lecture in pinning up a series of such diagrams in readiness. A lady of the audience, happening to come early, walked round and examined some of the diagrams, until she came to one labelled 'Saturn'. 'I hope, Sir,' she said, 'that you will not say much about this one.' 'Indeed,' he replied, 'Why not?' 'Because,' returned the good lady, 'he goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.'

It would take a long time to do justice to my father's interest in astronomy. He possessed not only the telescope already mentioned, but a small equatorial. At one time he contemplated buying a transit instrument, but this purchase was never made. He possessed also a good library of astronomical books, though he did not succeed, perhaps, in keeping fully abreast of all the more recent work. The astronomy of the Bible interested him, and Maunder's work on that subject was on his shelves. In sermons and lectures he drew many illustrations from the field of astronomy. A much appreciated sermon, for example, which was delivered on a number of occasions,

was on the text, 'The Lord God is a Sun'. In this sermon he dwelt upon the sun, its greatness, its majesty, our utter dependence upon it, and showed how it may serve to remind us, no less than the Hebrew psalmist, of the greatness and the power of God.

The study of the manse always bore eloquent testimony to my father's scientific pursuits. The walls were lined with books, of which he had a large collection. The top of the bookcases held much of the scientific apparatus, which travelled with him from circuit to circuit, and with which no consideration would have induced him to part. There they stood, test-tubes and flasks, gas cylinders and Leyden jars, induction coil and air-pump radiating an invisible, intangible, inodorous, inaudible inspiration to the occupier of the 'den'. We who grew up with these things regarded them as part of the proper furniture of a house, as necessary as a bed or a dining table. It was always a wonder that people could live without a proper supply of Geissler tubes and Leyden jars.

Nor were these pieces of apparatus all. I have already spoken of the chemical equipment, and the hundred or more bottles which comprised it, and there was much besides. The pictures and diagrams on the wall added to the general effect. There was the large star chart, always given an honoured place. A diagram showing the motion of Venus would often be pinned on the wall, from which the times of maximum elongation and conjunction could be seen at a glance. The last of these diagrams, drawn in July, 1935, shows the position of the planet up to superior conjunction on June 24th, 1936, and, at the time of writing, is still useful. His diagrams were always exceedingly clear.

Another feature, not always found in a minister's house, was the workshop, or 'bench room' as we called

it. This was no less necessary than the dark room, and on moving to a new house one of the first questions was 'Where are we to put the bench?' And a place had to be found, even if it were a cellar or an attic. But the bench room was one of the most useful rooms in the house. Bookshelves, tables, cupboards, sideboards, and innumerable smaller articles were produced in it. His skill in carpentry began in the early years when he was an apprentice in the railway workshops, and he carried with him in his pilgrimage from circuit to circuit a fine collection of tools, which, like all his other apparatus and instruments, were always kept in perfect condition.

He sometimes wondered why others did not share these interests, not only because of the delight which they brought, but also because of their great practical usefulness. In 1930, on a holiday in East Africa, I stayed for some time on a remote mission station, far away from towns or the amenities of civilization. He wrote:

3rd June, 1930.

. . . In such a place should be found a small lab., a decent microscope with a $\frac{1}{2}$ " O.I. objective, a museum for prepared specimens, a sextant, and a few other things. Livingstone did as great a work with his sextant as with his Bible, and Mackay in Uganda as much with his saw and hammer as with his Prayer Book. . . .

Scientific activities were never regarded as being in any sense apart from more specifically religious work. Lectures on scientific subjects were not interspersed with those on biblical subjects merely for the sake of giving the people a change, but to direct attention to that other Bible, the great book of Nature, in which God has also revealed something of Himself. It seemed to him wrong to give diligent heed to one revelation, and ignore the other, neither did he doubt that it was the

same God who spoke to men through both. He was far too conscious of the Divine hand in Nature ever to suppose that God's truth could be divided against itself.

But more than this, he found a certain joy and satisfaction in these things which strengthened him for all life's tasks and duties. Here he found inner resources which external circumstances were unable to take from him, and in times of difficulty and doubt, when the future seemed uncertain, when the task to which he had set his hand did not prosper, it was to these that he turned:

The wonders of the unseen air,
The splendours of the rolling sea,
The burning suns of boundless space,
All speak of Thine immensity.

In the contemplation of these things, no less than in the joy of the craftsman, was found something that was able to uplift and fortify the spirit.

I have spoken at some length of my father's deep interest in all things scientific, but his interests by no means ended there. Art, poetry, music, and literature made perhaps a lesser appeal to him, although this statement needs some qualification. Longfellow was perhaps his favourite poet, and early in life he found delight in 'Evangeline', 'The Spanish Student', and 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'. The English classics, however, he seldom read, and would freely admit that he kept his copy of Shakespeare mainly for purposes of reference. But he had an extensive library, of which the books were representative of a wide variety of interests. Reference books, dictionaries and concordances, were always in evidence. Then, of course, there were many books on theological and biblical subjects, including many modern publications. There was a section on psychology, volumes

on medical subjects, and a great variety of scientific books. French was largely represented, for he had a very good working knowledge of that language, and greatly enjoyed any opportunity of using it. Writing to an old friend, he said:

6th August, 1932.

... To prevent too thick a deposit of rust accumulating upon one's tiny store of French, I read novels and other works in that language. Malot greatly delights me with his simple but delightful sketches of homely life in Normandy as in his *En famille*, *L'Ile désert*, *Sur mer*, etc., as does Edmond About in his *Le Roi des montagnes*. . . . Although not fond of military stories I read *Le Conscrit*, *Waterloo*, and others of the joint productions of Erckmann-Chatrian. From the simple tale of *Le Chien du capitaine*, or *Le Jeune Docteur*, I turn to such a characteristic Gallic novel as *L'Amour appris sans maître*, or *Le Juif errant*, or to Renan's *La Vie de Jésus* in the original. Over the supper table, or in some hour at the close of the day, these things have helped to divert the current of one's thoughts to other scenes in other lands.

The library, too, contained many biographical works, representing another characteristic interest. Nor can one omit to mention the section on polar, and especially antarctic, exploration. This was a subject which he found of absorbing interest, and of which he acquired a wide and extensive knowledge. He was familiar with almost every detail of the voyages of Scott, Shackleton, Evans, Douglas Mawson, and others. The adventure, the romance, the thrill of exploration and discovery attracted him, but more than this was his appreciation of the men themselves. He delighted to give honour to men who had striven to gain some noble end, to fulfil some heroic purpose, and to him Scott, Edward Wilson, and many another, were for ever amongst the immortals.

He was, indeed, a great lover of books, and knew

how to value them. He often regretted that in the ever-increasing quantity of books produced, there were so many of little or no permanent value. New and second-hand volumes were continually being added to his library, and great was his delight in the discovery of some new treasure. He would frequently mention in his letters the reading he was engaged upon, regretting at the same time the lack of opportunity for more regular reading and study. So, for example, he wrote from Kirkwhelpington:

29th January, 1934.

. . . When alone I am just now intent upon three great books: (1) *East and West in Religion*, by S. Radhakrishnan. It seems to be a fine contribution to the study of comparative religion. (2) *Francis Xavier*, a biographical work. (3) *François Coillard*, a biographical work.

All three are worth careful study, and I hope to reap a harvest from the $143 + 203 + 230 = 576$ pages these works contain. How to pass on the riches one may reap, the wider vision, the deeper insight into the mysteries of life and religion, is ever a baffling problem. . . .

It would take many pages to pass in review all my father's other interests and activities. Languages interested him; he had not only an excellent knowledge of French, but was also familiar with Latin and Greek, and knew something of Hebrew. He had a love for exact expression, and had a fine sense of the dignity and worth of words. A good dictionary he considered second only in importance to the Bible. When reading the Bible, or expounding it in lecture or sermon, he considered it most important to determine, if possible, the precise meaning of the passage under review. He advocated strongly the use of the Revised Version, on the grounds of its greater accuracy. Many sermons turned on the meaning of some Hebrew or Greek word or phrase of which the A.V.

translation was defective, and he was often able to find a new meaning in obscure passages. A score of quotations could be given in illustration of this. Here are three from the letters; in the sermons other examples may be found.

17th November, 1928.

. . . I also gave them, in the morning, my thesis on 'The Peace of Geneva and the Peace of Jerusalem'. It is based upon the significance of the Geneva (Latin) word for peace, *Pax*, and that of the Jerusalem word, *Shalom*. *Pax* = the conception of a militant race. The word could be defined, understood. *Shalom* was the conception of a religious race. It could not be defined, it was boundless, limitless, eternal. The *Shalom* of God passeth all understanding. . . .

5th February, 1929.

. . . subjects on Sunday: morning, 'The Unseen Presence',—evening, 'What happens while we sleep'. The latter is based on Psalm 127: 2, but scarcely on the English version. All the English versions are defective. The R.V. has obviously out of sheer perplexity as to the point involved—followed the A.V. The A.V. made worse rather than better the Prayer Book version i.e., the *Great Bible* of Henry VIII. That of necessity followed the Vulgate, and this also quite obviously translated from the Greek LXX. And the passage in the LXX (I have the LXX) is a confused and untranslatable medley. Hence I worked my passage through the Hebrew direct. My rendering, *He giveth to those He loves in (or during) their sleep*, is confirmed by the French versions, both of which (i.e. Ostervald and Segand) were made direct from the Massoretic text:

Il En Donne Autant à Ses Bien-Aimés Pendant Leur Sommeil. This undoubtedly is the true rendering, and our old friend, David, although he could scarcely have been a disciple of William James, seems to have anticipated modern psychology. . . .

3rd December, 1929.

. . . At night, being the celebration of Holy Communion, I explained that curious but essentially Hebrew idiom *Ἐπιθυμία ἐπεθύμησα τοῦτο τὸ πᾶσχα φαγεῖν μεθ' ὑμῶν* . . . as used in Luke xxii. 15. As in so many cases, our English rendering fails to

express the intensity of *ἑπιθυμία*, except in Moffatt, Weymouth, 20th Century, and Fenton's version. The two French versions are much better:

'J'ai désiré *vivement* de manger cette Paque . . . ' etc., and 'vivement' means keenly, strongly, deeply, energetically, intensely, eagerly, passionately. How exact compared to our English.

During the course of his life, my father travelled widely in the British Isles, and knew something of France, Belgium and Switzerland. He conducted his journeyings in the same methodical spirit as characterised so many of his activities. He was fond of good maps, and could read them with skill, and often made sketch maps of places for his own and other people's guidance. No visitor to the manse ever lost his way for want of a map, for he was wont to send to all such a sketch map, often in colours, showing the route to be followed with the most unmistakable clearness. He knew his way about most of the English cities, and often surprised us with his knowledge of back streets and short cuts. Four cities had won his heart, and of these he never tired—London, Paris, Oxford, and Edinburgh. He was familiar with the first three from his early years, the affection for Edinburgh came later in life. Oxford was perhaps the dearest of all, although he was never at any time a member of the University. He did, however, attend vacation courses there on several occasions.

On several occasions in later life the opportunity came of revisiting Oxford, always with unfailing delight. He was there in the summer of 1926, and wrote to Mrs. Taylor of the great joy it brought him:

. . . There are some places which never, in colloquial phrase, 'let one down'. Such a place is Oxford. Some 40 years ago I fell in love with this dream city with its ancient cloisters, its glorious quads, its minarets and spires, and its legends of bygone centuries. It was love at first sight, and in some cases

such love passes to some new object of affection. But not so in this case. Absence from the old gray city has only made the heart grow fonder; I love her still. What Byron said of Paris I may truly say of Oxford:

*I loved her from my boyhood, she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart.*

To-day I love her with a man's love,—strong, deep, abiding. My verdict is still that of Dan Rogers 300 years ago.

*He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace
And loveliness, ne'er saw a better place.*

I have taken my hat off to Paris, and Edinboro' has woo'd me with her charms, but my first love claims me still. And I want you to realise what a treat you have in store if these sunny days continue. I have been wandering about the city like one in a trance—thrilled, spellbound, amazed. You may not see it exactly as I see it, but you *will* see it, and sometimes I can lend you my spectacles. And you *must see it* to understand, descriptions all fail. Think of music suddenly congealed into grey stone; think of a perfect dream of loveliness materialised into crumbling tracery, ivy-covered walls, lofty towers, and old world streets,—it is that. True, a Morris Cowley car rushing down the High, or the Corn, or the Broad, indicates a barbarous commercialism strikingly at variance with all around. Just now, too, when the Varsity is down, it is not so obvious that Oxford is the kindly medieval mother, the *Alma Mater*, of the scholar, feeding him with the bread of knowledge, and developing his biceps on the Isis. . . .

Side by side with the love of these great cities (and, in a lesser measure, all cities appealed to him), must be set his love of the countryside, and above all, his love of home. Duty often called him away from home for longer or shorter periods, but he was always eager to return, and at Christmas time especially it was his delight to have the family all at home together. I have already spoken of his love of Christmas, and his conception of it as the great festival of the home. If one were absent, he felt the separation specially keenly at Christmas time, and the last gathering of the whole family at Christmas 1934

was to him one of life's great experiences, to which he had looked forward with great eagerness, and which he looked back upon with a joy that cannot be expressed in words.

In conclusion, it is necessary to say something of the deepest side of my father's life, his Christian faith and all that this brought to him. This faith, strong at all times and deepening as the years passed, was based upon experience rather than upon authority. He was a Christian by virtue of an inward experience, he was conscious of the divine guidance, of the 'Divinity that shapes our ends'. He laid great emphasis on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit working in men's hearts, and leading us continually into more truth. To him, 'Credo in Spiritum Sanctum' was the central point of the creed.

If then his inner experience led him to acknowledge God as the One who dwells within us, God immanent, it is no less true to say that his familiarity with the truths of science, and the wonders of Nature, brought with it a recognition of God the Creator, God transcendent. And in his wholehearted acceptance of God as revealed in Jesus Christ he found that which was able to bring together these two parts of experience, and unify them into a great whole.

There was no room for contradictions in his view of God and the world, He was profoundly convinced that, ultimately, truth was one, and that to speak of the truth of science as something different from the truth of religion was fundamentally wrong. He saw very clearly that if the Holy Spirit is leading us 'into all truth', then the truth that has been grasped at any one time is necessarily partial and incomplete, and mixed perhaps with error. So that any apparent contradiction between science and religion could not mean that we were to



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AT
KIRKWHELPINGTON, JULY, 1935

deny the one and accept the other, but rather constituted a call to adventure further in both fields, in the strong faith that the Holy Spirit of God would presently lead us into fuller truth, where the seeming contradiction would be resolved.

This emphasis on the two sides of man's experience, and the need for holding firmly to both, was characteristic of much of his life and teaching. He spoke of this in one of his earliest letters to me in India:

30th October, 1927.

. . . *learning and religion*, the twin securities of the human race. . . . The entire welfare of the whole world is for ever dependent upon *the union of knowledge and worship*. What knowledge without religion may be, the great war clearly indicated. What religion without knowledge may be, is not only illustrated by the infamies of the Inquisition, the multiplicity of incompatible sects, but is in itself a contradiction of terms. Eternal life is *to know*. But alas, too often there has been a zeal not according to knowledge; too often has the enquiring spirit of the noble Bereans been absent. Too often has knowledge ignored Revelation and sunk into a lifeless materialism. . . .

I think it was this outlook that led him to a certain liberality of mind whereby he could acknowledge the truth gladly wherever it might be found. He was at all times a loyal and faithful member and minister of the Methodist church, but never a sectarian or a partizan. When away from his own church he would occasionally worship in churches of other denominations—from Roman Catholic to Unitarian—and this without any feeling of disloyalty to his own church. It was a cardinal point with him that in every type of Christian experience there must be something of value, that God had never left Himself without a witness. He had no place in his thought for a Christianity of exclusiveness, bigotry, or jealousy, no place for a narrow sectarianism:

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
 Not thine the zealot's ban:
 Thou well canst spare a love of thee
 That ends in hate of man.

What distressed him most of all in religion was the closed mind, the refusal to see. Fundamentalism was to him a denial of the Holy Spirit, and argued a fundamental lack of faith in God. 'I suppose', he said, 'they are not fundamentalists in other matters. They ought never to use a telephone, or electric light, or cycle, or railway, or steamship, or fountain pen, or clock. They recognize with satisfaction the gradual enlargement of man's horizon in all directions save one.'

My father came more and more to lay stress on certain great central truths of Christianity, and was less concerned with the details of doctrine. He once said that there were four distinctively Christian truths: 'The Fatherhood of God, the Forgiveness of Sins, the Living Christ, and the Continuity of Life; Christian, as coming from Christ, and revealed as distinguished from discovered truths.' I do not think he would necessarily have pressed this as the final analysis of Christian doctrine, but it well represents his general position, and the strong contrast he drew between the great, primary and abiding truths, and the many less important beliefs which men hold, which have only a temporary or accidental character. He held these central truths with far more than a mere intellectual assent, they became for him the basis of the whole of life.

He also felt strongly the need for order and dignity in worship. Whether in architecture or liturgy, in music or in prayer, to offer to God that which is known to be cheap or unworthy, or anything less than the best, distressed him greatly. He was not a high churchman in the conventional sense of the term, he did not ask for

a complicated liturgy and ceremonial, adventitious aids to worship, nor the acceptance of Anglo-Catholic doctrines. But in the true sense of the term he *was* a high churchman. He would sometimes allow his mind to dwell on the contrast between the Church as it is, divided and so often ineffective, and the Church as God would have it be, perfect and whole. So recently as April, 1934, he wrote of this:

... You have another opportunity I have often wished for but never really found to my satisfaction, that of raising the divided and degenerate Church from the weeds, corruptions, accretions, and traditions of the 'dark ages', in which epoch I include the present. I am sick of 'isms', not excluding Wesleyanism or Methodism. Sectarianism, Presbyterianism, Anglicanism, Romanism, Fundamentalism, Modernism and all the other 'isms', considered as such, I have no appetite for. St. Paul in those discourses of his where legalistic and forensic theories tend to hide from Western minds the primitive simplicity of the Gospel narratives, does not appeal to me. The criticism does not of course apply to those epistles or parts of epistles in which Paul does emphasise the essential and vital elements of the Evangel. In Romans, for example, what a lot there is that is foreign to our modes of thought, and yet, as in Chapter XII, how much there is that belongs to the category of applied religion.

I want a scientific Faith, not necessarily rationalistic, and certainly not that bundle of neurotic philosophy misnamed 'Christian Science', but a Faith which proves (or *tests*) all things, and holds fast to that which is good. I want a Faith that builds itself up on the basis of the three abiding values: Goodness, Truth, and Beauty. I want a Faith that holds the 'High-Church' view in its true sense, i.e. a 'high' conception of the Holy Church as the body of our Lord, His dwelling place, and which, therefore, excludes from that Church all that is mean, trivial, shoddy, tinny, vulgar, and unworthy, and ever seeks the best in music, poetry, art, architecture, liturgy, and worship,—from the lich-gate to the altar, and from the sexton's staff to the preacher's robe. I should like to cleanse the Temple of all . . . that savours of tub-thumping, all that indicates lack of reverence

and dignity, all pagan notions embedded in our customs, all superstition, and all the fundamentalism that professes to accept—and yet denies—the established truths of the historic creeds. I should like to worship in a church where the Bible was not a fetish nor a charm, where Truth was truly loved and intelligently sought, where prayers were a reality, where the minister was regarded not as a talker but as a physician of souls, and where the choir led the worship rather than provided an entertainment for the audience. In my ideal church there would be no 'audience' as such; no 'hearers' to 'sit under' a man, but a gathering of people assembled to be healed, taught, trained and equipped for service in the cause of the Kingdom of God on earth.

I suppose I shall never find in my time such a Church as this, a perfect Church 'without spot, or wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing'; probably you will not find it either. But what you may find to a much greater degree than I have found, will be the privilege of laying a stone or two upon the walls that slowly but surely rise, to contribute a fragment to the imperishable structure that in a happier and wiser age will be the glory of the whole wide world . . .

If a final word may be added, it must be to mention another point which arose from my father's conception of order in the Christian life. He believed in a due observance of the seasons of the Christian year. Each brought with it a special message without which the Christian life could not be complete, and in his sermons and Church services he gave recognition to these things. Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Easter, Whitsuntide—to neglect these seasons seemed to him to involve a danger of impoverishing the Christian life. Lent especially he recognized as a season of repentance and prayer, and often conducted a series of special services during this period. 'Thoughtful Christian people', he said, 'desire a clean, wholesome life. During the year useless and unprofitable things are liable to accumulate: foolish prejudices, harmful habits, defects of mental vision,

wasteful fads, and unproductive conventionalities. Useful talents get dull and need polishing, tools need sharpening, stores replenishing. An annual stocktaking is very desirable. Our personal accounts with God need to be examined.' Or again, from a letter written in 1927:

I cannot get all my folk to be enthusiastic about Lenten observances, nevertheless their value is incontestable. A Lenten observance is a spiritual spring-cleaning, an annual stocktaking, the season for casting out rubbish and valueless accumulations, and for polishing up neglected but valuable possessions.

Lent was a preparation for Easter, and Easter Sunday was looked upon as the greatest festival of the Christian year. He always chose this as the time for receiving new members into the full communion of the Church. He had a generous care for little children, boys and girls, and loved to watch them growing in years and in grace; and on some Easter morning to dedicate them to the service of God and of the Church, and to receive them into the Fellowship, was perhaps the deepest joy that came to him as a Christian minister.

THE MINISTRY OF TEACHING

. . . Never forget—Learning and Religion must go together,
hand in hand, side by side. . . .

This teaching function of the Christian ministry he gave expression to in many ways. Many of the sermons, for example, turned upon the precise meaning of some word or passage, which he would endeavour to discover and expound to the congregation. But he recognized that it would be no solution to the problem to give lectures instead of sermons. The office of the teacher must not usurp that of the preacher, but they must go together 'hand in hand, side by side'. What distressed him was that so often teaching had *no* place in the life of a Church, and he often regretted the widespread

It was in response to this need, therefore, that he established in many churches consecutive courses of lectures, to which the name 'Bible School' was given, in which the ministry of teaching found its characteristic expression. The genesis of this idea may be traced to the London days, when he was in the habit of attending Dr. Campbell Morgan's lectures, but it was some years before it reached its final form. As a general rule the Bible School commenced in October and continued until Easter, taking the place of the weeknight devotional meeting or 'preaching service'. The School would generally conclude with a special series of lectures appropriate to the seasons of Lent, Passion Week, and Easter. The Bible School itself, its nature and purpose, often formed the subject of the first lecture, and it will be well to give here a résumé of his notes on that subject:

What it is: (1) A School: $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{imparting} \\ \text{acquiring} \end{array} \right\}$ knowledge

(2) Teaching: Distinguish from preaching

(3) 'Bible' school

(a) The history of the books, translation, etc.

(b) The study of the books—as books

The Need: Dearth of Bible knowledge

(Texts, Chapters, Portions, but not Books)

Dark ages—ages of superstition—error

Twentieth century—Russellism

Christian Science (neither
scientific nor Christian)

Theosophy

Spiritualism

200 freak religions of England (registered)

End of world scares
Verbal Inspiration
Literary Infallibility

Need (also) for those who desire to read their Bibles with interest and profit but need help.

How a Botanist helps us to see a Leaf or Flower

..... Geologist..... Rock

..... Astronomer..... Star

..... Artist..... Picture

..... Bible Teacher..... Bible book

The Leaf, Rock, Star, Picture, Book, all there before:

But as the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing—the Teacher is desirable.

Need (also) because of the perils of ignorance and false notions. The truth has nothing to fear, but the notions with which thousands of young people go out into life have much to fear.

You may drill into them as an article of Faith the theory that the Bible is perfect and infallible from cover to cover, but sooner or later they will discover the falsity of such teaching.

It is *not* what we think *ought* to be true, that matters, but what *is* true.

Need because of the greatly increased interest and helpfulness of the Bible, when its books are examined in their literary and historical setting.

The Aims—are seen in these needs. The Aim is to meet the Need, and to develop intelligent workmen for God, 'workmen that need not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of Truth.'

The Methods

Based upon the assumption that both teaching and learning are difficult processes.

To present a clear bird's-eye view of (say) Job, with:

An analysis of the book,

The rhythm of its noble poetry,

The play of light and shade upon its ever-changing scenes, and to bring out its message respecting an age-long problem of our race, *is not easy*.

Neither is *learning* easy.

To grasp the content of a great book, the noblest thing perhaps in all literature, during a 40 minute lecture, is impossible. But by *method* much may be done.

The great secret of success is to use more than one faculty.

If any negation in our Christian work is of Satanic origin, it is surely that which deprives us of all our God-given senses save one, viz: *Hearing*.

We refer to worshippers in a church as *Hearers*.

Hearing has its place—but there are other faculties,

e.g. *Sight*:

The lamp of the body is the Eye.

Things seen are mightier than things heard.

A truth not ours until we 'see' it.

No eternal truth can be known until we *see* it through a material, tangible, visible object.

O.T.—a picture book—

Jesus—*behold* a sower

„ the lilies

So we use the *Blackboard, Diagrams, Maps, Pictures, Objects*:

So in the Bible School—To hear

• To see

To write notes

To read the book

To tell another person

} means
successful
progress

Locally—Begin punctually.

Close on ordinary occasions about 9.

Opening hymn and prayers.

The B/S hymn.

Lecture.

Benediction.

At any one church, the winter session of the Bible School consisted of from twenty to twenty-five blackboard lectures. The blackboard was essential, the larger the better. Where possible, large boards were obtained, measuring 10' 6" long by 3' 6" broad, mounted in pivots on a rigid frame so that both sides were available for use. Every lecture was accompanied by a blackboard analysis,

written out before the lecture, in a clear, firm hand. Where blackboards were not available, the analyses were sometimes stencilled in bold black letters on large sheets of paper, or on cloth, and pinned up in view of the audience.

The subjects changed from year to year, and covered a remarkably wide range. One cannot do more than indicate some of the more important. There were, first of all, lectures on the Bible as a whole, with titles such as the following:

The Bible, what it is.
The growth of the Old Testament.
A peep into a Hebrew Bible.
The use of the Greek Testament.
The story of the English Bible.

Secondly, there were lectures on the individual books of the Old Testament. A course of seven lectures, repeated on a number of occasions, was entitled 'Seven Puzzling Bible Books', and the lectures dealt in turn with Judges, Esther, Job, Ecclesiastes, Canticles, Daniel, and Jonah.

Thirdly, there were lectures on individual books of the New Testament—Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Revelation. Nearly all the New Testament books came under review at one time or another.

Fourthly, there were several series of special studies in the New Testament. Amongst these were:

'*The Life and Work of Jesus*': Twenty-two lectures, each based on some scene or incident in the life of our Lord; beginning with the Nativity and the visit of the Magi, and ending with the Resurrection and Ascension.

'*The Coming Kingdom*': A series of lectures on our Lord's parables of the Kingdom of Heaven.

'*The Christian Life: Its Perils and Securities*': A series

of twenty lectures based upon the words 'Lest' and 'Let us' in the Letter to the Hebrews (Revised Version). The subjects were:

I. INTRODUCTORY. The Letter to the Hebrews: Analysis, Content, and Message for Today.

II. THE PERILS:

1. Drifting	Heb. ii.	1
2. Infidelity	„ iii.	12
3. Hardening	„ iii.	13
4. Missing the Mark	„ iv.	1
5. Arrested Development ..	xii.	15
6. The Malignant Growth ..	xii.	15
7. Selling the Birthright ..	xii.	16

III. THE SECURITIES:

1. Reverence	Heb. iv.	1
2. Diligence	„ iv.	11
3. Prayer	„ iv.	16
4. Progress	„ vi.	1
5. Sanctification.....	„ x.	22
6. Tenacity	„ x.	23
7. Comradeship.....	„ x.	24
8. Surrender	„ xii.	1
9. Endurance.....	„ xii.	1
10. Thankfulness.....	„ xii.	28
11. Courage	„ xiii.	13
12. Worship.....	„ xiii.	15

'*The Letters to the Seven Churches*': A series of seven studies based on the first three chapters of the book of Revelation.

Fifthly, there were the Lenten addresses, which were of a somewhat different character. During Lent the meetings became more definitely devotional services, 'quiet seasons of penitence, prayer, and meditation. The subjects of the addresses would form such a series as the following:

1. Alone in the Wilderness.
2. Forty Days and Forty Nights.
3. The First Temptation.

4. The Second Temptation.
5. The Third Temptation.
6. The Ministry of Angels.

Sixthly, there were the lectures on scientific subjects; of which two or three would usually be included in a Bible School course, amply illustrated with diagrams, lantern slides, and striking physical and chemical experiments. Enough has already been said of the importance which my father attached to these lectures. Some were on astronomical subjects, the Sun, the Moon, the Transit of Venus, the Starry Heavens. Other lectures were concerned with everyday physics and chemistry, such as the properties of water and air. There was a well-known lecture on 'Fresh Air and Ventilation' and others again dealt with hygiene or some medical topic. Here, for example, is the printed synopsis of such a Science lecture:

'THE ATMOSPHERE—AND ITS RELATION TO LIFE.'

Primitive ideas as to the Atmosphere—Wind and Spirit—The Four Elements—The Discovery that Air has Weight—How a Pump Works—Galileo, Torricelli, and Pascal—The Barometer—The Convent Garden—M. Perrier and the Puy de Dôme Experiment—Otto von Guericke—The Air Pump—Magdeburg Hemispheres—The Syphon.

Priestley and Lavoisier—Oxygen and Nitrogen—Properties of Oxygen—Combustion—Ozone—Nitrogen and its Functions—Carbon Dioxide—Aerated Waters—Water Vapour in Air—Ammonia—Nitric Acid—Helium—Argon—Dust and Impurities.

The Wonderful Processes which tend to keep the Composition of the Air Constant—Action of Vegetation—Chlorophyll—Cleansing Action of Rain and Snow.

Finally, there were occasional lectures on a wide variety of other subjects. Lantern lectures were frequent, in particular those on 'Paris' and 'Oxford and its Colleges' were much appreciated. The Great French artist, Jean

François Millet, and his picture, '*L'Angelus du Soir*', formed the subject of yet another lecture. My father had long been familiar with Millet's works as exhibited in the Louvre, and in August 1911 he made a special visit to Barbizon and the Forest of Fontainebleau, where for 27 years Millet toiled and suffered, and did his greatest work.

'*The Touch of the Human Hand*' was a psychological study. 'Why did Jesus touch people? Why did the people as the sun went down, bring their sick that He might lay His hands upon them? Why did the Apostles lay hands upon the sick, as they did also upon the newly-appointed deacons? In what way did the "Gift of God" come to Timothy through the laying on of Paul's hands? To Bible students these are not negligible questions.' In the lecture these questions were examined in the light of modern knowledge.

'*The Fall of Jerusalem, A.D. 70*' dealt with an historical subject, 'the most awful event in human history', comparing the very full and detailed predictions of Jesus as to the destruction of the city, with what actually took place under Vespasian and Titus.

It has not been possible, in these few pages, to do justice to this side of my father's work, but even a list of titles conveys something of its range and importance. In the following pages are reproduced some of the analyses which accompanied the Bible lectures. These were as important as the lectures themselves, giving to the eye almost at a glance the essential points of the subject under discussion. The examples reproduced here form, it is true, only a very limited sample, but they are, I think, fairly representative of the whole.

THE BIBLE: WHAT IT IS

I. Religious ...	{ (a) The Truth About God. (b) The Truth About Man. (c) The Truth About Creation.	} Inter-relationships
II. Dual ...	{ (a) The Sacred Writings of the Hebrew Nation. (b) The Sacred Writings of the Christian Church.	
III. Triple ...	{ (a) HISTORIC: Fragments of History as a basis of Religious Teaching. (b) DIDACTIC: Proverbs, Legends, Folk-Lore, Fables, Songs, Parables, Fiction. (c) PROPHETIC: { <i>Sight</i> : Discerning the times. Recognition of the obvious. <i>Foresight</i> : Cause and Effect. Sequence of Laws. <i>Insight</i> : Apocalyptic. Spiritual.	
IV. Multiple ...	{ Thirty Authors. Three Languages. Fifteen Centuries. Based upon earlier traditions, and the writings of many men.	
V. Unified ...	{ Jesus the Central Figure. The Movement B.C. towards the Cross. That of A.D. from it.	
VI. Progressive	The Unfolding of Truth as Men are Able to Receive It.	
VII. Literary ...	{ To be handled as other ancient books. Subject to the limitations and the accidents of language. Each book to be interpreted by the linguistic standards of the age in which the book was written.	

JOB: THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

THE MAN AND THE PROBLEM	THE FAILURE OF PHILOSOPHY	FAITH AND VISION	THROUGH NATURE TO GOD
The Arab Chieftain : Practical Piety Vast Wealth	Defective Theology The popular creed { 'Human suffering is always the penalty of sin, and is a sign of the Divine displeasure.'	Job's Gains 1. A nobler trust in himself 'I will argue my ways before Him.'	1. Divine Power Earth Sea Stars Physical Phenomena Life
The Court of Heaven The Sons of Elohim The Satan	The Theologians ELIPHAZ } BILDAD } Orthodoxy and Conservatism. ZOPHAR }	2. A stronger faith in God 'I know that my Vindicator liveth.'	2. Divine Wisdom Adaptation Instinct Design
Job Stripped 1. Of wealth 2. Of children 3. Of health 4. Of partnership of faith 5. Of friends 6. Of light	1st Cycle } 2nd Cycle } Job's nine replies 3rd Cycle } 'The words of Job are ended.' 31. 40.	3. A wider vision 'Mine eye seeth thee.'	3. Divine Intervention Response to appeal The ascent of the heights 'The everlasting Arms.'
The Problem WHY ?	Elihu-ben-Barakel The theory of Liberalism and Youth. The three appeals. Suffering { 1. Disciplinary 2. Educational		4. Divine Restoration Wealth Children Prosperity Years 'So Job died, being old and full of days.'

THE MESSAGE OF MATTHEW—JESUS THE KING

HIS PERSON I — IV. 16	HIS PROPAGANDA IV. 17 — XVI. 20	HIS PASSION XVI. 21 — XXVIII
I. His Relation to Earth Heredity Environment Born <i>ἀνωθεν</i>	I. His Proclamation of Laws Their inwardness Their influence Their dynamic	I. His Cross and His Subjects The <i>via dolorosa</i> The cross and the glory The cross and the re- [surrection]
II. His Relation to Heaven Approval Ordination	II. His Exhibition of Benefits In the physical realm In the spiritual realm In their inter-relationships	II. Rejection of the Hebrew Nation The final woes Withdrawal
III. His Relation to Hell Testing Triumph	III. His Enforcement of Claims The twelve sent out The many difficulties Increasing opposition	III. His Passion The trial The suffering The triumph The glory

THE ESSENTIAL MESSAGE:—"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

THE ABIDING APPEAL:—"Repent ye" (Think again: *μετάνοια*).

THE MESSAGE OF MARK: JESUS THE SERVANT

THE GENTILE READERS	THE CENTRAL TEACHING	PERPETUITY OF SERVICE	THE MIGHTY WORKS
1. No Reference to Jewish Law	1. Nature of the Service Creation of a gospel	1. Call of the First Disciples To abide in His presence To witness His works To listen to His teaching	1. Nature Stilling the storm 4: 35-41 Feeding 5,000 ... 6: 30 Walking on the lake 6: 45 Feeding 4,000 ... 8: 1-9 Fig tree withered 11: 12
2. No Genealogical Tables	2. Law of the Service Sympathy Suffering Sacrifice	2. Election of the Apostles Toil and teaching	2. The Spirit World Demon cast out ... 1: 23 The Legion ... 5: 1-20 The Greek girl ... 7: 24 Lunatic boy ... 9: 17
3. Words Explained <i>βοανηργές</i> ... 3: 17 <i>Ταλιθα κούμ</i> ... 5: 41 <i>Κορβαῖν</i> ... 7: 11 <i>Βαρτίμαιος</i> ... 10: 46 <i>λεπτά δύο, ὅ ἐστιν</i> <i>κοδράντης</i> ... 12: 42 <i>Ἀββᾶ</i> ... 14: 36 <i>Ἐλωὶ, Ἐλωὶ, λαμὰ</i> <i>σα βαχθανεὶ</i> ... 15: 34	3. Result of the Service A catholic gospel Cosmical salvation	3. Commission of the Twelve The unique tour The return The two lessons { Arithmetic { Geography	3. Disease Simon's mother- in-law ... 1: 30 The leper ... 1: 40 The paralytic ... 2: 3 The withered hand 3: 1 The issue of blood 5: 25 The deaf and dumb man ... 7: 31 The blind man ... 8: 22 Bartimæus ... 10: 46
4. Jewish Usages Explained 7: 3 14: 12 13: 3 15: 42	The Servant's Method Activity— Retirement	4. The Abiding Commission Changed conditions The third lesson Luke 22: 36	4. Death Jairus' daughter ... 5: 21

LUKE: THE RECORDS OF WHAT JESUS *BEGAN* TO DO

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THE GOSPEL	CREDO IN SPIRITUM SANCTUM	THE CHURCH WITNESSING
Matthew: { The gospel for the Jews Jesus the { The gospel of the Past King { Jesus the Messiah of the Jew	The Acts of the Holy Spirit 1. Choice of Persons Matthias the Apostle Saul of Tarsus Philip the Deacon Men of Cyprus and Cyrene 2. Indication of Places Jerusalem Antioch Corinth Ephesus Rome 3. Initiation of Practices Acts iv. 32 et seq. vi. 1 " " xi. 20 " " etc.	Impression ii. 5-13 Message ii. 14-47 Opposition iii. iv. Communism iv. 32-37 Discipline v. 1-16 Persecution v. 17-42 Organisation vi. 1-7 Martyr vi. 8-vii.
Mark: { The Gospel for the Romans Jesus the { The Gospel of the Present Servant { Jesus the Benefactor		I. In Jerusalem
Luke: { The Gospel for the World Jesus the { The Gospel of the Future Physician { The Gospel of Progressive Christianity		II. In Judæa and Samaria The scattered witnesses viii. 1-4 Samaria 5-25
'BEGAN' — 'UNTIL'	The Revealed Perils 1. Prejudice: The grip of the past: (Lack of confidence in the Spirit) 2. Passion: The power of the flesh: (Lack of yielding to the Spirit) 3. Pride: The lure of the world (Lack of obedience to the Spirit)	III. To the Uttermost Part of the Earth 1. Towards Africa viii. 26-40 2. Towards Asia ix.-xvi. 3. Towards Europe xvi.-xxviii. 4. Rome xxviii. 16-31

FREDERICK GEORGE TAYLOR

THE COMING KINGDOM: PROGRESSIVE TEACHING OF THE FIRST SIX STORIES

I. The Sower (General Principles) Discouragement : <i>So much lost</i> Encouragement : <i>Not all lost</i> Principle : <i>Multiplication of seed</i> Warning : <i>Don't be discouraged</i>	IV. The Leaven (Intensive growth) Discouragement : <i>Leaven, weak and perishable</i> Encouragement : <i>The whole was leavened</i> Principle : <i>Agents die but results abide</i> Warning : <i>Don't ignore hidden forces</i>
II. The Wheatfield Discouragement : <i>Deliberate opposition</i> Encouragement : <i>Tares to be separated (Matt. xv. 13)</i> Principle : <i>Survival of the good</i> Warning : <i>Against hasty actions</i>	V. The Hidden Treasure Discouragement : <i>The treasure hid in a field</i> Encouragement : <i>'Seek and ye shall find'</i> Principle : <i>The utmost for the highest</i> Warning : <i>Great treasures do not lie exposed upon the surface</i>
III. The Mustard Seed (Extensive growth) Discouragement : <i>The least of seeds</i> Encouragement : <i>The greatest of herbs</i> Principle : <i>Potentiality of the unit</i> Warning : <i>Don't despise the apparently trivial</i>	VI. The Ill-Treated Wayfarer Discouragement : <i>Indifference of official religionists</i> Encouragement : <i>The kind Samaritan</i> Principle : <i>'Deeds' not 'creeds'</i> Warning : <i>Against narrowness</i>

THE MINISTRY OF TEACHING

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EPHESIANS: THE LETTER TO THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH

THE ETERNAL PURPOSE	I WILL BUILD	THE ETHICAL AIM	THE COMPLETE ARMOUR
The Chosen Instrument Eternal character Temporal conduct Future glory The Great Announcement Matt. xvi. 18 I will build my church The powers of Hades shall not prevail against it I will give unto thee the keys Initial Imperfections In character In knowledge In organisation In equipment In service	Basic Unity One Body: The church catholic One Spirit: The unified life One Hope: To attain the deathless life One Lord: The Supreme Master One Faith: Confidence in the final victory of Jesus One Baptism: One cleansing from sin One God: { Transcendent Omnipresent Immanent Progress Towards the Ideal The Ministers teaching The Church witnessing The Spirit working Ultimate Unity The hour of triumph The world won	The New Life Putting off Renewal Putting on The Conquest of Sin Falsehood Anger Dishonesty Bitterness Grieving the Holy Spirit Regeneration of Social Relations Wives and husbands Children and parents Servants and masters	The Girdle of Truth Breastplate of Uprightness Shoes of Stability The Great Shield of Faith Helmet of Salvation The Sword of the Spirit Unceasing Prayer

FREDERICK GEORGE TAYLOR

THE LETTER TO THE HEBREWS.

THE CENTRAL TEACHING.	THE CHRISTIAN LIFE	
	ITS PERILS	ITS SECURITIES
I. The Perfection of the Revelation through Jesus. a. Superseding all others. Angelic. Human. Retrospective. b. Meeting all needs. Prophetic. Priestly. Kingly. c. Ensuring all victories. Individual. Social. Universal.	I DRIFTING II INFIDELITY III HARDENING IV RESTLESSNESS V APOSTASY	I REVERENCE II DILIGENCE III PRAYER IV PROGRESS V SANCTIFICATION
II. The Principle of Life by Faith. a. Faith defined. Volitional surrender (in spite of appearances) b. Faith active. Doing. Suffering. Waiting. c. Faith triumphant. In the deed. Over suffering. Ultimately, without God.	VI THE POISONOUS GROWTH VII SALE OF THE BIRTHRIGHT	VI TENACITY VII COMRADESHIP
III. The Peril of Death through Apostasy. a. Apostasy defined. Disobedience (because of appearances) b. Apostasy active. Doing. Suffering. Waiting. c. Apostasy hopeless. In the deed. Under the suffering. Ultimately, without God.	—	VIII SURRENDER IX ENDURANCE X THANKFULNESS XI COURAGE XII WORSHIP

THE ABIDING APPEAL:—

"SEE THAT YE REFUSE NOT HIM THAT SPEAKETH." (Heb. xii. 25.)

THE LETTERS TO THE THESSALONIANS

(A) THE WORK OF FAITH 'Ye turned'	(B) THE LABOUR OF LOVE 'To serve'	(C) THE PATIENCE OF HOPE 'To wait'
Conversion: A Volitional Act First Cost—Surrender Second Cost—Slander Final Cost—Persecution Sanctification: A Progressive Experience 'Our hope'—Anticipation 'Our joy'—Progression 'Our crown'—Completion Be Joyful Be Prayerful Be Thankful	Response of Christian Obedience I. In View of Life Sanctification Love of the brethren Test all things II. In View of Death The comfort of the bereaved The joy of the living Watch and be sober Be not Weary in Well Doing (2 Thess. iii. 13)	Misunderstandings The outer conditions Glimpses of light Mistaken conclusions The 'Presence' 'As a thief in the night' 'In the clouds' 'The dead in Christ first' Needless Anxiety The 'fallen asleep' ἀνάστασις God's guests.

THE LETTER TO EPHESUS

	'THESE THINGS SAITH HE'	COMMENDATION AND COMPLAINT	EXHORTATION
The City: Capital of Asia Wealthy Corrupt The Temple of Diana	The Character: He that holdeth the Seven Stars	Works Toil Patience	Remember Repent Repeat
The Church: A strategic centre Paul, Aquila and Priscilla Apollos The Twelve Christians	The Activity: He that walketh in the midst of the Lampstands	Rejecting { False Teaching Base Conduct	The inevitable sequence when love is absent
Paul { 3 months in synagogue 2 years school of Tyrannus	Christ's Sevenfold Glory { His head His hair His eyes His feet His voice His hand His mouth	THE MISSING WORDS	
Prosperity of the Church			
Opposition of the City	The One Glory } His Countenance	I Thess. i. 3	
Miletus— A.D. 57		Work of Faith, Labour of Love, Patience of Hope	
Letter to the Church— A.D. 63		Work..... Labour..... Patience.....	
Letter to Timothy— A.D. 68		Rev. ii. 2	
Epistle of Ignatius — A.D. 70			
Last Letter to the Church—A.D. 95			

REVERENCE.

HEB. IV. 1.

GREEK TEXT:	THE THREE REVERENCES		
	I FOR THAT ABOVE.	II. FOR THAT AROUND.	III. FOR THAT WITHIN
φόβος not. δειλός	(a) The great first Cause. θεός	(a) The world of Nature κόσμος	(a) The Body. σῶμα
ENGLISH TEXT:	(b) The Living Word λόγος	(b) The Laws of Nature νόμος	(b) The Mind. ψυχή
Let us fear. (r.v.)	(c) The written Word βιβλος	(c) The Christian Church ἐκκλησία	(c) The Soul. πνεῦμα
Let us be on our guard. (watchfulness)			
Let us be careful. (demeanor)			

THE ABIDING APPEAL:-

WISDOM BEGINS IN REVERENCE FOR THE ETERNAL.

φόβος } αὐτὴ, ἡ δειλία.
TIMOR } veneration.
CRAINTE }

Ἀρχὴ σοφίας φόβος κυρίου. (Ps. 111. 10
Prov. 1. 7) LXX.

PRINCIPIUM SAPIENTIAE TIMOR DOMINI. (Vulgate)

Le commencement de la sagesse est la crainte de l'Éternel. (LXX.)

THE LETTER TO SMYRNA

THE CHURCH	'I KNOW'	THE MESSAGE	THE ABIDING APPEAL
Not elsewhere mentioned in scripture P ^o scarp Tribulation Poverty Calumny Persecution	Your sufferings and circumstances Dark days ahead Yet deeper sorrow and keener suffering 'Ten Days'	'These things saith the first and the last, which was dead and lived again' Thou Art Rich Fear Not Be Thou Faithful Unto Death The Crown of Life 'Him that Overcometh'	He that hath an ear Let him hear what the Spirit Saith to the Churches

NOTE.—The Candlestick of Smyrna retains its place even under Turkish rule

THE LETTER TO LAODICEA. Rev. III. 14-22

INTRODUCTION		WORKS	DIAGNOSIS	COUNSEL		INDIVIDUAL APPEAL
THE CHURCH	THE LORD			THE CHURCH	THE CITY	
Weak and unstable	The Amen—steadfast and secure	Negative Vain Worthless	Lukewarm	Gold	A financial centre famous for its banking and exchange	'Behold, I stand at the door and knock'
Faithless, and untrue as a witness	The faithful and true witness	The Peril of Impression without Expression	Wretched Miserable Poor Blind Naked	Garments	Manufacture of woollen clothing	Communion: The Divine Guest
Pride in things created by men	The beginning of the creation of God		The Perils of Ignorance	Eyesalve	Medical schools	The richest reward to him that overcomes the greatest difficulties
As Many as I Love, I Reprove and Chasten		The Wish Expressed: 'I would thou wert cold or hot' The Declared Intention: 'I will vomit thee out of my mouth' The Immediate Advice: 'Repent . . . Buy of Me'				

IV

SERMONS

NOTE.—The eleven sermons reproduced here have been selected from the very large number of MSS and notes which my father left, and are representative of his best work. The first two were written out in extenso (this was an unusual practice with him) and, apart from slight abridgement, are as he wrote them. For the others only the notes were available. It is of particular interest to record that 'Going out and coming in' was the last sermon which he preached, at Kirkwhelpington, on Sunday, the fourth of August, 1935.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN

'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.'—Psalm cxxi. 8

Not long ago I had occasion to visit Tynemouth, and having an hour to spare I walked along that massive wall of stone and concrete known as the North Pier. Before me the great tidal river, the Tyne, after the seventy miles or so of its wanderings, was passing out into the deep sea to mingle its waters with those of the ocean. Overhead were grey masses of cloud moving slowly inland, which quite possibly would be condensed into rain as they crossed the western hills, and return as liquid water to the very sea from whose heaving bosom they first arose. Water! going out and coming in, one of the many instances of that phenomenon in nature.

I gazed along the white stretch of sand towards the North and South. The 'tide' was going out. But I knew that in an hour or two it would turn, it would be coming

in again. And in this case so exactly may the turning points be defined that tide-tables may be, and are, constructed. Obviously, an unseen hand ever preserves the going out and the coming in of the great waters, and the balance of nature remains unbroken throughout the centuries.

I saw a third picture that day. Borne upon the flowing tide great ships were passing the bar, outward bound to far-distant ports, some newly repaired or newly painted, and many of them no doubt laden with precious cargoes for distant lands. They were going out. At the same time other ships, washed by many a sea, and maybe battered by many a storm, were making the land, eager to enter the harbour after long days and weeks at sea. Their voyages over—they were coming in.

Coming back through the streets I encountered a fourth picture in the faces of the people I met. I saw children and young people, their eyes filled with wonder, lit up in some cases with the light of hope, eager for life's voyage, passing from the shelter of the home harbour, and putting out upon life's sea. There they were, just as one may see them any day in a thousand cities, and ten thousand homes, going out on every tide, and sailing with every breeze. And I saw others coming in: men and women to whom the voyage was nearly over; anxiously making land; eager to pick up in the evening twilight of their days the lights of the harbour, and to cast anchor in the haven of refuge. Going out, coming in! This rhythmic movement of life, this going out and coming in, meets us everywhere. Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening. In the evening: 'The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.'

This going out and coming in evidently impressed

the Hebrew people of long ago. They saw their shepherds going out among the hills and dales in search of green pastures and still waters. They saw them coming in at the head of their flocks, as they led the sheep in the light of the waning day to places of security and shelter. They saw, perhaps all too frequently, their armed men going out to do battle with the enemy; they saw them coming in, conquerors or conquered. In later times we see their fishermen going out upon the waters of Genesaret, and coming in, having taken nothing after a night of fruitless toil; or, it may be, bearing the miraculous draught of fishes. There, too, we see the sower, going out bearing precious seed. We see him coming in rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him.

However important the intervening hours may be, the beginning and the end, the going out and the coming in, in every enterprise, have an importance and a significance all their own. The going out is generally, in the nature of things, a movement full of hopefulness; but often it is an adventure as perilous as it is hopeful. To the strains of martial music, and amidst the cheers of the assembled crowds, a regiment of soldiers goes out to the battlefield, every man among them dreaming of happy days when the warfare will cease, and he will tread once more the peaceful ways of the homeland. But alas! dark and terrible days may lie ahead, days of danger, loneliness, pain and death; and the homecoming is frequently very different from the dreamland picture.

Again, an expedition leaves the Thames for the exploration of the Antarctic continent. Banners are flying and the ship is 'en fête,' for gladness and rejoicing fill all hearts. But how different is the coming in. The vessel returns with the survivors to report that some of the bravest of England's worthy sons, after enduring

unthinkable hardships, have found a grave amidst the awful solitudes of that great white world of death which encircles the South Pole.

But changes which occur between the going out and the coming in, also take place much nearer home. They may be more commonplace, less spectacular, and less interesting to the public, but are of transcendent importance to those most directly concerned.

Young men and maidens, thousands of them every week, are going out. For years they have lived comparatively sheltered lives beneath the kind but watchful eyes of devoted friends. In the home of their childhood, in the church of their choice and the town of their nativity, they have passed their time in security. Out into the big world they go, the world with its snares and temptations, its perils and pitfalls, its traps for the unwary and its allurements for the simple; and in this whirl of giddy excitements and ephemeral sensations, thousands sink to rise no more. Others come in, but as human wrecks, fallen and broken; their sun has gone down while it is yet day, and the glory of life has faded ere the noontide hour is reached.

Let us come nearer still, let us inquire into the daily going out, and coming in, of ourselves. In the freshness of the morning hours we slip the cable and launch out into another new day. At eventide we return, we come in, but *how* do we come in? In the struggles of the day have we been victors, or vanquished? Have we been masters of ourselves, strong to serve, and if needs be brave to suffer, unyielding in the hour of temptation, and uttering a decisive 'No' to all the glittering allurements of evil? Does the returning eventide find us 'a day's march nearer home?' May it be said of us as of Longfellow's 'Blacksmith':

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Or do we come in at nightfall with empty hands and downcast eyes, no task accomplished, no victory gained, no trophy won?

Let us notice some of the people who go out and come in. To glance at the darker side, there is the man, for instance, who has gone out to see life, determined to break away from narrowing restrictions, to turn his back upon virtue and religion. He comes in, a disillusioned pessimist, for his gold has turned to dross, his pleasures to ashes, and his vices have destroyed him. At the early age of 36, Lord Byron wrote the tragic words:

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

There is even a touch of sadness and self-revelation in the familiar words of Tom Hood:

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

There is the man who comes in with no golden sheaves, no fragrant memories, no happy recollections of well-spent days, with no joy of self-mastery, without the satisfaction which follows a good day's work, with no peace of mind, no hope of heaven.

It is particularly instructive to mark the going out and the coming in of some of the biblical characters.

There is the great Pilgrim Father, Abraham. In biblical phrase, he 'went out', not knowing whither he went. He wandered an exile and a stranger in lands not his own; he sought a city he never found. But he came in, and as he came in his name was written upon the imperishable scroll of saints and heroes, and he was called the 'Friend of God'.

Samson went out, a man dedicated from before his birth to the high service of God and the nation. He went out to deliver Israel, to work a great work for the people of his race. He came in a failure, a man who had sold his birthright and bartered away his manhood, a man of whom it is written: 'He wist not that the Lord had departed from him.'

Let us glance at some New Testament characters. Take St. Peter. He left Tiberias, left his nets, and went out into the service of Jesus. Good hearted but timid, earnest but weak, a lover of the Lord yet thrice denying Him, such is his going out as portrayed in the simple Gospel story. But what of the coming in, what of the man of ripened character and matured experience who wrote the letters which bear his name? Whatever historicity there may be in the legend *Quo Vadis*, it is certain that St. Peter came in a man of devotion and unwavering courage, and that he voluntarily laid down his life as a witness for his Master.

St. John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, the author of that most spiritual of all writings, the fourth Gospel, exhibits a remarkable difference between his going out, and his coming in. In his youth a 'Son of Thunder', anxious to call down fire upon the inhospitable Samaritans, he became in later life one of the gentlest of men. To his care was the Blessed Virgin entrusted by the crucified Saviour; he was the first to run to the sepulchre

after the Lord was risen, and the first to discern his Master in that eventful scene on the banks of Gennesaret. To him was accorded the honour of writing the very last words written in our Bibles: 'Little children, love one another.'

Finally, let us recall St. Paul. How vividly is told the story of his going out, and his coming in. Going out as a Pharisee, persecuting the Christians, haling men and women and committing them to prison, present to assist in the stoning of the first Christian martyr; he ultimately comes in as the great apostle of the Gentiles—the immortal forerunner of Christian missions.

And so it is with any and every biography. The first pages are invariably occupied with the story of the 'going out', the last chapter relates the story of the 'coming in'. In spite of the undeniable importance of the intervening narratives, the going out and the coming in excite our greatest interest. A crowd will always assemble to witness a wedding or a funeral. Many a reader will glance at the last pages of the book to see how it ends. Many a lover of sport who asks no question as to the course of a match, is eager and excited to learn the result. If, then, such interest and importance are associated with 'going out' and 'coming in', how best can these critical seasons be safeguarded? And to our query the Psalmist makes reply, 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in.' In many ways and through many agencies the Eternal Father will keep us in the hour of our greatest need. This indeed is the message reiterated week by week in all Christian churches, for this redemption of life from destruction, and the development of its highest potentialities, is the theme of the holy Gospel. The young and inexperienced who are ever going out into the crowded highways of life, may

find in the plain and unmistakable teaching of the sacred Word that which will be a light unto their feet, and a lamp unto their path; a signpost the directions of which never err; a compass which will not fail. God preserves the going out of every lad and girl by setting before them a high ideal, and a noble purpose. The world needs as much as ever it did the strength and vigour of young manhood, and the purity and sweetness of a consecrated girlhood. There is a wonderful work awaiting every youth and maiden who is prepared to make a full surrender to Jesus, a work that will bring the highest joy into their lives, and which in the very act of service will preserve their going out as nothing else can.

The Lord also preserves our going out by what I may be allowed to call the ministry of angels; very human angels some of them, but the only angels some of us ever know. An angel is a messenger, and many a message comes when least expected. Will you permit a personal testimony. In some things I believe I owe more to singers than to preachers; to songs than to sermons; to women rather than to men. I remember how in my childhood days my mother used to sing, 'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah' as she went about her household tasks. It was her prayer, and He to whom that prayer was offered preserved her 'going out' at the peaceful close of a long pilgrimage.

When I was still a boy in my teens I went to preach one Sunday in a village on the borders of Northamptonshire. At the cottage in which I stayed for tea was a small American organ. My hostess seated at that instrument opened Sankey's book, and by chance, as people say, she sang:

You're starting, my boy, on life's journey,
Along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife:
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go,
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say 'No'.

Shortly after that time I went away from home to live in the great city of London, but that song followed me through all the years, and ever remained a source of strength and inspiration. And there in London I heard another song. One evening, in the late springtime, I entered a tea shop, now a bookseller's shop, near to the University buildings in Gower Street. I was the only customer in the shop, for it was closing time. But as I drank my tea, the waitress busy attending to her final duties for the day sang that well-known hymn:

Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work mid springing flowers. . . .

This also brought a great message to me; a message I have never forgotten.

These then are some of the ways in which the Lord preserves our going out. But He also preserves our coming in. Time would fail me to tell of all the events, all the circumstances, all the agencies, all the activities, by which our coming in is guarded. God leads us by a way we know not. He may chasten us in mercy, and purify us by His fires of love; He robs us of our idols that He may turn our hearts unto Himself; He closes doors upon us that He may open better ones. And in all this discipline, in the very cross He lays upon us, through all our griefs, our losses, and our disappointments, He

preserves our coming in. The Pilot of our going out will be the Pilot of our coming in, bringing us safely into port when all our wanderings are over. Give God a chance, and then 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and even for evermore'.

THE THREE VOICES

'The people said . . . others said . . . Jesus said . . .'—John xii. 29, 30.

The scene was old Jerusalem, the time, Sunday afternoon on the first Palm Sunday. Those who earlier in the day had taken part in the popular and memorable procession from Bethany, were now scattered among their acquaintances in the city, discussing with eager animation the possible political consequences of the morning's happenings. Amidst the spectacular rejoicing of the crowds Jesus had wept; wept over their mistaken and perilous enthusiasm; wept over the blindness and hardness of heart of the national religious leaders. Jesus wept at the moment when, rounding the crest of Olivet, Jerusalem first came into view. Now, in the city itself, the soul of Jesus is again full of trouble.

Misunderstood by His own followers, and openly rejected by the orthodox Jews, hated by the religionists, and a disappointment to the crowds, His mission to the world apparently a ghastly failure, and the bitter cross on Calvary's green hill an inescapable certainty, Jesus is for the moment puzzled, perplexed, baffled, disquieted, full of strange questionings, cast down and troubled in spirit. Despite the popular rejoicing and emotional pageantry Palm Sunday was a day of widespread and unmistakable disappointment. Jesus was disappointed that the people had so little apprehension of His mission; the

people were disappointed at His refusal to organise a national uprising against the imperial rule. Barabbas, although a robber, and to that extent a social enemy, was in favour for having led an insurrection against the government; Jesus was in disfavour because He had not. It is true they charged Jesus with plotting against Caesar; His real offence in the eyes of the people was that He had *not* done so. Jesus had repeatedly urged that it was sheer madness and folly to raise their feeble hands against the mighty power of Rome. He counselled them to pay tribute to Caesar, to be loyal to the government; to be obedient to the law; and even advised them to be generous in service rendered to the civil and military authorities: 'If any Roman officer impress you to carry his baggage one mile, go with him two'.

But this teaching of Jesus was rudely set at nought, and in this story we find Him in Jerusalem amidst the tragic scenes of His last week on earth. The text calls our attention to a striking episode of the Sunday afternoon; the venerable St. John, writing some sixty years later, recorded the incident:

Now among those who came up to worship at the Festival were some Greeks. These came to Philip of Bethsaida in Galilee, with the request: Sir, we wish to see Jesus.

Observe with what consummate skill St. John paints the picture! The very atmosphere, charged as with high-tension electricity, is reproduced as by the brush of a master artist. The inquiring visitors from overseas are not rushed into the presence of Jesus. It is even possible that their quest was not satisfied. Philip himself obviously hesitated to obtrude, for it was evident that the Master was strangely depressed and troubled. He sought out Andrew, and they consulted together over this somewhat delicate situation. There are cases in common

human experience where it is wiser to exclude visitors than to admit them. Finally these men decided to mention the matter to Jesus.

St. John has left on record a summary of what Jesus said, but there is no reference to the Greeks, no suggestion of an interview, no welcome extended to the seekers from afar. For this is the answer of Jesus as given in the fourth Gospel:

The time has now come for the Son of Man to be glorified. In solemn truth I tell you that unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains what it was—just one single grain; but if it dies, then it multiplies and becomes a harvest. He who is clinging to his life is losing it, but he who pours out his life, diffuses it, shares it, is preserving it unto life eternal. If any man wishes to be my servant let him follow me—but remember this, that where I am—alone, misunderstood, rejected, scorned, troubled—there will my servant be. Nevertheless, if anyone serves me, him will my Father honour. My soul is full of trouble, and what shall I say? Shall I say, 'Father, save me from this hour'? But for this very experience came I unto this hour. Father, glorify Thy name, vindicate Thy purposes, reveal Thy wisdom, assure men in the darkest hour that all is well.

Then it was that there came a voice from the sky: 'I have glorified My name, and I will glorify it again.'

Message of all messages to a troubled soul! Surely no richer, deeper, or more comforting answer is possible. This is the voice that stills the tempest within the soul, that calms the angry seas, that banishes all fears, and that nerves the whole body to the utmost endurance. At the same time, the intrinsic beauty of the language, and the all-assuring nature of the message, are not perhaps easily discerned. We use many words, often with only a dim, imperfect apprehension of their significance and worth,—such words for instance as 'glorify', 'blessing', 'communion', 'eternal', 'crown of life', and so on. Both 'glorified' and 'glorify' occur in the voice from the sky,

and these not being common terms of colloquial speech, we are liable to miss their meaning, and so the meaning of the message itself. Let us try to reach that message by following St. John's account of the incident. We might perhaps call it—'The lesson of the three voices':

The crowd said . . .

Others said . . .

Jesus said . . .

We have first the rough and ready pronouncement of the crowd, followed by that of the more discerning few, and thirdly that of one individual witness—Jesus Himself.

(1) And the crowd said: 'It thundered.'

This is what the crowd generally says; it is the all-too-ready conclusion of unthinking people. When any strange, unfamiliar event takes place, particularly if associated with loss, disaster, or tragedy, it is interpreted by those who seem to believe in indiscriminating fatalism, as merely the working out of blind, irresponsible chance. Probably there was nothing alarming or menacing when the voice came from the sky, but it was a sound obviously unintelligible to the dull and sordid minds of the multitude, who at once closed the door against any further inquiry, by their brief, dogmatic ejaculation—'It thundered.' There are, no doubt, people to whom the finest music is but the clash of sounds, the choicest paintings mere daubs of colour. There are many descendants of Peter Bell to whom a primrose by the river's brim—was a yellow primrose and nothing more.

But let us not be too severe on the man who, face to face with some real tragedy, feels the 'thunder hypothesis' forced upon him. Thunder means to him the unintelligible crash of the cruel, irresponsible, and apparently lawless forces of Nature.

He who said it thundered had often perhaps seen the lightning—the immediate cause of the thunder. He had witnessed its vivid flash striking down the innocent as well as the guilty. He had seen the storm-cloud out of which the lightning sprang, sweeping over land and sea, destroying the orchard and the corn-field of some poor, God-fearing man, whose living depended upon that harvest. Or he thought of the ship at sea: not the pirate vessel with its robbers and bandits, but the missionary ship carrying to pagan lands the heralds of salvation; the goodly merchant ship bringing food to the hungry; the passenger liner carrying a thousand peaceful citizens. And all alike, pirates and honest traders, are caught by the storm and founder in the depths of the ocean. Is it a thing to wonder at, if some men say 'it thundered'? that man is but the sport of the gods, a helpless victim to be tossed hither and thither by giant powers he cannot resist? Surely thousands of folk are more to be pitied than blamed, even if they become materialists and fatalists! In so many ways Nature seems merciless and pitiless, and often in our deepest distress there seems to be no eye to pity, no ear to hear, and no arm to save.

Thousands seem to be driven towards fatalism and atheism by the plain, naked facts of experience. If there is a loving heavenly Father, how is it that the prayer of anguish so often seems in vain? How is it that our brightest and purest hopes are not realised? Why are our deep longings so often in vain? We seem to be victims of blind fate, alike helpless and hopeless. Death snatches away our dearest friends; disease inflicts intolerable pain upon our loved ones. Thousands languish day by day in the torments of incurable disease. Misfortune baffles our steps; our very joy is mingled with pain; we long for things that can never, never be. There seems

no meaning in it all, no plan, no purpose, no end served, no sense or reason. It all seems incompatible with a rational belief in a merciful Providence, a wise and loving God. Man is but an insignificant speck of sentient matter, bound to a planet on which he is for ever whirled through infinite space. And the crowd said—'It thundered.'

(2) Happily this is not the only voice. Others said, 'An angel spoke.'

Their error was scarcely less than that of the crowd. But it was less materialistic. It went so far as to recognize the existence of an unseen realm. It recognized that troubled souls may, and do, receive comfort from invisible sources.

There is much here that coincides with human experience. To many, the events of life are merely thunder. To the discerning they are more. Angels speak to us. We need not probe into the nature of angels. Put into common English the word simply means 'Messenger'. And God employs many messengers:

Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.

The child's hymn:

I want to be an angel . . .

although not printed in many modern hymn-books is by no means as weak, and foolish, and other-worldly, as the ultra-fastidious would have us believe. It is a great honour to be an angel—a divine messenger. The seven churches of the Apocalypse each had its angel. Thank God, some churches have many angels. They speak to us in sorrow, they cheer us in our distress, they soothe us in our pain, they enrich us with their love. That angels speak to troubled souls is a very real truth.

Many a little child has been an angel, a messenger of God to weary, despairing men and women. Many a true-hearted girl, unspoiled by the fashions and frivolities of the world, has been a gentle angel to many whose faith was growing dim, and whose eyes were losing the vision of the eternal. The mother who embraces us in her loving arms, and the nurse who in our sickness smooths the pillow, and eases our pain, are also angels.

Take this message to your hearts: Be an angel to someone. Life is dreadfully hard and full of weariness and pain to many, many people. In the city streets are terribly lonely souls. If you would know the joy of angelic service, I pray you give of your money, your time, and your strength, but above all give yourself, your service, your love.

(3) The crowd said—'It thundered.' Others said 'An angel spoke.' Jesus said: '*This voice.*'

Note two points:

- (1) This *voice*: it was an intelligible message.
- (2) It came not for my sake, but for your sakes.

What seemed to others but the sound of thunder, or an angel's word, should have been to ears tuned to hear, and minds willing to receive, the voice of God dispelling all fears, and casting out all doubts. It was for their sakes. 'Now is my soul troubled', said Jesus. Blessed reality! In that struggle humanity struggled, and in that victory humanity won. What Jesus heard was authoritative assurance. Listen to His cry, a cry uttered in the hour of mortal pain, in the midst of conflicting elements, when every evil thing was rampant, in the day of defeat and darkness.

Father, glorify Thy name—vindicate Thy purposes, manifest the splendours and perfections of Thy character.

Then came the answer, 'All this has been done, and shall be again. Here, in the very shadow of the cross, all shall be well.'

The problem of the troubled soul is as old as the human race. That wrong-doers should suffer, and that the righteous should prosper, seemed right, just, and reasonable; but that the innocent should suffer and sinners prosper created a problem none could solve, and a mystery none could unravel. The Hebrews invented a theory that was strongly upheld as the orthodox doctrine for many centuries, viz: that innocent people *do not* suffer, and that bad people *do not* prosper. Many of the proverbs are based upon this old belief, and several of the Psalms perpetuate the orthodox view.

I recall the case of one of the finest young men I ever knew, who lost his life in the great war. On the eve of his departure, in his own church, there were read to him the words of the 91st Psalm. Perhaps I need hardly add that the selection was not mine, neither was I the reader. And this is what was read:

He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness;
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold
And see the reward of the wicked.

In less than seven days that young man was blown to atoms. The plain fact is that that Hebrew song, like many a modern English song, states a theory of life that simply is not true. The very notion that a religious man

lives a charmed life is manifestly false. As long ago as 2,500 years one of the greatest of seers wrote one of the greatest of books, and greatly daring, challenged the orthodox and universal theory. This book, the book of Job, is a masterpiece of human literature. The challenge was more daring than that of Galileo when he attacked the Ptolemaic astronomy in the 16th century; more daring than that of Luther when he attacked the corruptions of Popery, or of Dean Farrar when he opposed the eschatological beliefs of last century.

Recognizing obvious facts the author of Job maintained that the innocent do suffer, and the wicked flourish. But there is no attempt at explanation. Therein lies the genius of the unknown author of the poem. God's character is vindicated, but not by explanation. What then is the answer?

To the crowd—the din and discord, struggle and pain, perplexity and disappointment, sorrow and tears, are thunder, the crash of irresponsible forces, merciless and pitiless.

To others—they are omens, signs, warnings, full of occult mystery. And such people wend their way to the professional crystal reader, the clairvoyant, the palmist, the gypsy woman. Thousands of them flock to the rapidly-increasing spiritualistic seances, with their table-rapping, their spooks, their mediums, and their inane and empty messages from the dead. Don't blame them overmuch, for to thousands of people the burden of unmerited pain is well-nigh intolerable.

But there ever remains the third answer, far more satisfying than that of the fatalist or the spiritualist.

'I have already vindicated my character, and will do so again.' This is exactly the conclusion of the book of Job. God has not explained life's mysteries—possibly

to finite minds they cannot be explained—but He has vindicated His character, revealed a plan and a purpose in all events, manifested His power, declared His love. Across the wide creation God has written the words: 'I have glorified my name, and I will glorify it again.' It is the guarantee, signed by God's own hand, that when we understand all we shall be satisfied with all. All things work together for good, and we leave it there.

THE ULTIMATE VALUES: GOODNESS TRUTH AND BEAUTY

'Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.'—Psalm xxix. 2

At the recent World Conference on Faith and Order held at Lausanne, the representatives from India, China, and other places, put in a strong plea for the presentation of a common message. Drummond, Japan:

Japan needs Christ—not metaphysical theses or theological doctrines.

We are gradually drawing nearer to the recognition of this world need. We are coming, slowly but surely, to unanimity in our messages. Our frequent ecumenical conferences, the federation of the Churches, the movements towards union, the growth of the S.C.M., all indicate a response to the world's need, and a clearer conception of Christianity's content and purpose.

Many past mistakes, e.g.—

Superficial appearances have misled us;
Scaffolding has been mistaken for the building;
Means have been mistaken for ends;
The temporary has been confused with the permanent.

Many men have caught a glimpse of Truth, and in the thrill of their great discovery have cried—*εὐρηκα*.

So sure have they been as to the solid nature of the truth they have seen, that they have founded new organisations, new sects, new churches, in which to proclaim their discovery.

Nearly all the sects carry the evidence of this either in their trust deeds, or their statements of belief.

Among intelligent people the founding of new sects and churches has probably reached its limits. We have in England some 340 sects of religion. There is little likelihood that the number will increase.

We are at last learning the simple lesson that TRUTH has many different sides—and that *no one side* represents the *whole* Truth. Photograph of a well-known house—the picture not recognizable—taken from a neighbour's garden. It was the house *as he saw it*, day after day. So does *Truth* look different to different people. One man's glimpse of truth is different in appearance from another man's.

There are (says St. Paul) diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are diversities of ministrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all.

Take away the local, accidental, temporary, personal, parochial, etc., and the fundamental realities remain—common to all.

In the Parliament of World Religions, held some years ago in Chicago, the problem that confronted the officers was—'*What devotional exercises can we have in which we can all join?*'

Note:—

From among the Aryan races	{	Hinduism
there were representatives of		Buddhism
		Zoroastrianism (Parsees)

From the Mongolian races ...	{	Confucianism
		Taoism
		Shintoism
From the Semitic races ...	{	Judaism
		Mohammedanism
From the Christian Church ...	{	Romanists
		Greek Orthodox Church
		Lutherans
		Calvinists, ... etc.

It was found that the representatives of their millions of adherents could all agree

to say—*The Lord's Prayer*, and
to sing—'*Work for the night is coming . . .*'

Perhaps they could have used the beautiful prayer written by Geo. Matheson:

Gather us in, we worship only Thee,
In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In divers forms a common soul we see;
In many ships we seek one spirit-land;
Gather us in.

We find an illustration of the increasing clearness, completeness and unanimity of the Christian message in the recognition of St. Paul's great appeal to the Ephesians:

One God and Father of ALL, who is *above* all, and *through* all, and *in* all.

The Christian Roman writers—men like Augustine—emphasised the 'ABOVE ALL.'

God to them was a *transcendent* Deity, up there, beyond the sky, viewing things from afar off.

Judaism emphasised the 'THROUGH ALL'—the *immutable* Jehovah.

Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.
As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee.
Our fathers have told us what thou didst in their days, and in
the old time before them.

The Greek Christian writers—men like Clement of
Alexandria—emphasised

‘God IN ALL’—the *immanent* God.

That’s a splendid word—IMMANUEL—God *with* us
The inside God, our bodies the temples of the Holy Spirit.
‘In Him we live, and move, and have our being’
To the woman at the well-side Jesus spoke of the immanent God.

To-day we need not stress the conceptions of either
Roman, Jewish, or Greek theologians, but honour the
truth in all three—

God transcendent.
God omnipresent.
God immanent.

and we are not conscious of any incompatibility.

Thus is the Church becoming less parochial and
more catholic; less exclusive and more inclusive, less
narrow in outlook, and more inclined to recognize that
many colours are needed to make a rainbow.

Let me call attention to one other factor which is
playing an important part in preparing the way for
presenting a united front, and proclaiming a common
message.

It is—

The discernment of the Ultimate Values.

One Church attaches great importance to—

				Apostolic Succession
another to	...	...	...	Sacraments
” ”	...	...	...	Orthodoxy
” ”	...	...	...	Elaborate Ritual
” ”	...	...	...	Preaching

but these, important as they are in their proper place,
are not the *ultimate values*.

Romanist and Protestant	} are not divided upon the ultimate values, only the surface things differ.
Calvinist and Arminian	
Baptist and Presbyterian	
Methodist and Quaker	
Episcopal and Independent	

There are *three*, and only *three* ultimate values:

Goodness
Truth
Beauty

There is nothing gained by substituting other terms,
but if anyone so wished he might say:

Righteousness
Reality
Harmony

In the heart of man (when he is normal and healthy)
there is a natural desire for these three qualities, an
inward ‘urge’ which compels him to seek them, a native
sympathy which leads him to love them.

Goodness, *Truth*, and *Beauty* are the three ultimate
values to live for, to work for, and to wait for.

A superficial observer might say that

the moralist seeks	the first
the scientist	the second
the artist	the third

But the artist seeks not beauty alone, but truth, truth
hidden from the mass of men, the truth of the unseen.
The scientist seeks not truth alone, but the hidden
beauty of the cosmos, the intrinsic loveliness of diatom
or nebula, the perfection of natural processes.

And all together worship the *goodness* that causes all
things to work together for good, and the glory that
encompasses the entire realm of creation.

Religion must of necessity embody all three. No true religion can be divided from ETHICS, or REALITY, or BEAUTY. The quest of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful is the highest and noblest pursuit open to us. A religion to us would be unthinkable which did not extol the great positive Ethical Virtues, which did not exhibit Jesus as the One who went about doing good, and which did not call for righteousness in social, political, commercial, and all sections of life.

So also must we honour TRUTH.

God desireth truth in the inward parts.

The great appeal of the book of Job is the appeal for Truth.

In Pure Science, in Biblical Criticism, in Historical Research, in Exploration, and in many ways the search for truth goes on, and all seekers after truth are co-workers with prophets and artists and saints.

BEAUTY is the third and last of the ultimate values.

Someone might say—'Is there not a fourth, is not Love also an ultimate value?'

No, because Love is a personal emotion which embraces all three, it is that which the pure in heart feel towards all three, the perfect man would love Goodness, Truth and Beauty equally.

Love is the radiance which streams *from* and *towards* the ultimate values. It solves many a perplexing problem, relieves many a burdensome doubt, heals many a weary sorrow, and brings unspeakable comfort to the human spirit to know that deep down beneath all phenomena, all life's mysteries, all time's crushing burdens, all human pain and tragedy:

Unfailing Goodness	} for ever abide, eternal, unchangeable and secure.
Absolute Truth	
Infinite Loveliness	

As with some other things, the ultimate values have their counterfeits and misrepresentations.

Goodness—is not the affectation of piety, conventional church-going, or religious observances.

Truth—is not necessarily orthodoxy, indeed it is often the reverse.

Beauty—is not elaborate show, spectacular display, gaudy colours, popular fashions.

Beauty lies in harmony, adaptation, order, reverence, good manners.

It is a significant thing, and well worthy of careful thought, that the closing pages of the Bible are devoted to a magnificent display of the place of the ultimate values in a redeemed and completed world. It is John's vision of the Holy City, the city that is to be. The three outstanding features of the ideal city are:

Goodness

Truth

Beauty

The streets and buildings, although of pure gold, are transparent. There is nothing to hide, nothing to be ashamed of. In its advertisements, its commerce, its politics, there is nothing that defileth or maketh a lie. No shams, no fraud, no deceit.

As for beauty, despite the gold, the pearls, the precious stones, the beautiful river, the exquisite proportions, the cloudless day, and the glory of the kings, the language fails to do justice to its entrancing loveliness.

The fundamental things, the greatest things, the abiding things, are *Goodness, Truth, Beauty*.

IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER?

Mark vi. 3

All we know of the first 30 years of the life of Jesus can be told in a few words.

1. *The stories of the Nativity*—partly history, partly poetry, partly legend. Ever beautiful, ever instructive, ever true.

2. *The story of the visit to Jerusalem*—age 12.

3. *Of the next 18 years* no record whatever save such as is implied in the single word, '*Carpenter*'.

No sound breaks that long silence save the sound of the hammer, saw, and plane, in the shop at Nazareth.

Yet how much may sometimes be expressed in a single word! That one word '*Carpenter*', in connection with Jesus has exercised a sacred influence over the fortunes of mankind, ennobled labour, sanctified common toil.

To the Greeks and Romans all mechanical trade was *βάναυρος*—mean, vulgar, contemptible, *infra dig*, something for slaves.

The *Jews*, with a truer and nobler wisdom, enacted that every boy should learn a trade, and the Rabbis taught that '*Labour honours the labourer*.' Jesus came—a working man among working men, with a true conception of life, and free from false and foolish pride. He was a *Carpenter*, and from Jesus the Carpenter we can learn useful lessons.

To bring into being a better world, Jesus the Carpenter was *Constructive*.

I came not to destroy. A fool can destroy. Only a man of skill can build and create. Jesus came not to burn down the ancient forests, and destroy the trees because they were rough, but to take such material as the world provided, and fashion it into useful things.

Take that as the first lesson: Jesus as a carpenter could fashion useful and beautiful things out of rough pieces of timber.

So—

Michael Angelo and block of stone:

Unknown sculptor about 200 B.C. and the *Venus de Milo*.

Jesus: His yokes were easy.

God is ever making lovely things out of bits of *common earth*, *drops of water*, and the *common air*.

Lily, Corn, Fruit, Rose, etc.

But there are infinitely greater possibilities dormant in the *soul of man*, than in the *bulb of a lily*, a *plank of wood*, or a *block of marble*.

Jesus the Carpenter—the skilful artizan—can bring out the latent loveliness if we yield ourselves into His hands.

He made a young fisherman of Galilee into *Simon Peter*, the great apostle. He made *Onesimus*, the depraved Phrygian slave, into a saint and a gentleman.

He made *John Bunyan*, the Bedford tinker, into the great Puritan writer and teacher.

He made a *Blantyre factory boy* into David Livingstone, the missionary and explorer.

He made a *poor cobbler of Kettering* into Carey, the distinguished missionary of Bengal and famous oriental scholar.

He made a *Gloucester printer* into Robert Raikes the Sunday school pioneer.

He made a *Portsmouth cobbler* into John Rounds, the educationalist.

He one day found a wee bairn crossing a Scottish glen, and made her into *Mary Slessor of Calabar*, one of the world's most wonderful missionaries.

Give Jesus the Carpenter a chance, and He will fashion your life into utility and beauty.

Jesus as a carpenter would use many different tools.

Every carpenter knows that many kinds of tool are needed for even a simple job:

Sometimes a Bradawl as necessary as a Lathe.

Sometimes a Chisel as a Jackplane.

Sometimes a Nail Punch as a Handsaw.

Sometimes a Gimlet as a Brace and Bit.

Jesus the Carpenter is building His Church. He needs tools of many sorts.

As the hammer, saw, chisel, and plane are needed—so the hand, eye, foot, voice, etc.

Bede did different work from *Florence Nightingale*, but both were needed.

Dean Farrar did different tasks and in a different way from *Billy Bray*, yet both helped on the work.

John Wycliffe did a different job from *Dr. Moffatt*, yet each was a mighty worker.

Faber, the Romanist

Bickersteth, the Anglican

Wesley, the Methodist

Madame Guyon, the Mystic

Dr. Whyte, the Presbyterian

Whittier, the Quaker

Spurgeon, the Baptist

O. W. Holmes, the Unitarian

Doddridge, the Congregationalist

Gen. Booth, the Salvationist

all differed: yet all were builders.

Mary Magdalene, Chrysostom, Polycarp, Jerome, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Father Damien, Bp. Hannington, Dick Sheppard—Jesus needed them all.

As a carpenter—for important jobs—Jesus would select and test His materials.

Peril of damp, non-seasoned, cross-grained wood.

Oxford beams 800 years old.

Jesus for His Church needs reliable material, material that does not twist and warp: that does not shrink: that endures. Material that will stand every strain.

The trouble with post-war timber: not reliable—not sufficiently seasoned.

The complement of 'Can you trust Jesus?' is

'Can Jesus trust you?'

Poor material leads to collapse in many a church.

Offer to the Carpenter nothing less than the best.

OUR DEBT TO DOUBTERS

'And when they saw Him, they worshipped Him: but some doubted.'—

Matt. xxviii. 17

Some doubted. Thank God they did.

There was a time when all might not have agreed with that expression of gratitude, for we have only just emerged from the period when:

(a) *Doubt* was regarded as a sin.

(b) *Credulity* extolled as a virtue.

(c) *Criticism* (i.e. inquiry and investigation) when applied to matters of religion, an impious, wicked, daring offence before God. It used to be considered a very presumptuous act to call in question the accuracy of a biblical passage.

To thoughtful, devout, and intelligent people those days are past.

Doubt is now recognized not as a foe, but an ally, a valuable safeguard, and a necessary aid to all lasting progress.

Credulity—a disease, a weakness, a false light, a constant peril and a foe to progress.

Criticism—a vital necessity, a binding duty, and an indispensable precaution.

The strongly expressed *doubt* of the early disciples is one of our greatest guarantees of the truth of these New Testament records.

Despite the recorded facts, opponents of Christianity have often misrepresented the early disciples as *child-minded, illiterate, deceived, neurotic, emotional men, credulous, ignorant and mistaken*.

The narrative itself exhibits them as a band of healthy-minded, intelligent men, demanding rational, or at any rate satisfactory proof of the things they believed.

It is true that people often believe a thing because they *want* to believe it. By auto-suggestion they persuade themselves a thing is true because they want it to be true. They *want* to believe good of someone, or ill of someone, and the rest is easy. People will believe what fits in with their fancies, hopes, prejudices, tastes and desires.

But those early Christians encountered experiences so novel, so unexpected, so strange, that they had no predisposition in favour of believing them. Moreover many things were so opposed to their lifelong traditions, their hopes, their desires, their expectations, that *they did not wish to believe*. They hoped some things were *not* true.

Hence they doubted, they hesitated. St. Thomas even regarded the unanimous testimony of the other ten apostles as insufficient evidence.

They said to him:

We have seen the Lord.

But he said:

Unless I have visible, tangible evidence of my very own, except I see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand in His side—*I will not believe*.

St. Thomas rendered us a great service when he made that statement. Imposters were abroad, and many were deceived by them.

Those who speak of him as 'doubting Thomas' ought

at least to remember his loyal, generous, spontaneous, glad response when satisfactory evidence was forthcoming:

My Lord and My God!

Note again how the reality differed from their hopes.

Master, are You going to restore Jewish nationality, to expel the Roman army of occupation,—wilt Thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?

Jesus: My Kingdom is not of this world.

Or: Jesus began to show unto His disciples what great things He must suffer.

Peter: Be it far from Thee, Lord, these things shall never be.

Ruler: What must I do to find eternal life?

Jesus: Sell all that thou hast, and give it to the poor.

Disciples:

We have left all and followed Thee:

What will our reward be?

What shall we get?

Jesus: Opposition, persecution, flogging, imprisonment, hunger, thirst,—and a *cross*.

The men who wrote the New Testament were obviously not a set of credulous fools who palmed off a great delusion upon an equally credulous world.

As honest men they felt compelled to *believe* and *testify* in response to a solid, reliable mass of convincing proofs.

The very doubt, which for a while held them in suspense, is our guarantee against deception.

Peter had a right to boast that they had not followed cunningly devised fables.

John could say—'What we have seen and heard we declare unto you.'

When anything is presented to our mind there are at least four ways of dealing with it:

1. *Credulity*

Readiness to accept any plausible story even without evidence of its truth.

The confidence trick.

Medical and other adverts.

Medical, political and religious quacks.

Theudas	} Acts. v. 36, 37.
Judas of Galilee	

2. *Rejection*

Slamming the door in the face of truth.

Closing the eyes to the light.

Casting evidence—unread—into W.P. basket.

Priests and Jupiter's satellites.

Ye will not come unto Me . . .

3. *Infidelity*

Truth accepted, its claims investigated, its worth admitted;—but not applied.

These three attitudes of mind are condemned by the New Testament. But there is another.

4. *Doubt*

As *verb*—To question the accuracy of a statement.
To suspend the judgement.

As *noun*—An unsettled condition of mind arising from defective or insufficient knowledge.

Doubt—not fixed unbelief, but a pause whilst waiting for reliable evidence.

Over against the saying—'He who hesitates is lost', may be set another—'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

SOME DOUBTERS

(1) *Moses* :

Who am I, that I should go to Pharaoh?

If I add one more god to Egypt's pantheon—what name?

If a transfigured desert—why not half a million slaves?

(2) *Gideon* :

So doubtful and hesitating that he demands proof upon proof; but so fully responsive when the proof was granted that he was content to attack a vast army with 300 men armed only with lamps, and pitchers, and trumpets.

(3) *Job* :

His acceptance of the orthodox creeds.

Then *doubt* and daring *challenge*.

His noble *response* to the truth.

One of the greatest masterpieces of all literature.

One may say of Job, as Tennyson said of Arthur Hallam:

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,

At last he beat his music out.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,

Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,

He would not make his judgement blind,

He faced the spectres of the mind

And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own.

(4) *Jesus*: e.g. the Temptation.

If Jesus had no doubts as to alternatives, if there was no period of hesitation, if with supernatural vision He instantly perceived the fallacies of the tempter, then the story has no helpful value to us. As we understand temptation, the temptations of Jesus were no temptations at all, but just unhesitating decisions.

But the six weeks' struggle in solitude means that He was tempted as we are. His was a real battle, until doubt gave way to certainty of conviction.

(5) *Nathaniel* :

Philip said to Nathaniel, 'We have found Jesus of Nazareth.'

Nat : Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

Philip : Come and see.

(6) *Apostles* after the resurrection:

Doubt led them to return to Galilee and the fishing boats.

Proofs—1 Cor. xv. 5-8.

(7) *Bereans* :

Their attitude one of *doubt*.

True—they listened with open minds, but day by day they searched, whether those things were so.

Luke praises their nobility of mind.

Paul would also approve: 'Prove all things. . . .'

OTHER DOUBTERS

Luther—doubted the claims of the Papacy.

Copernicus—the astronomical doctrines of 2,000 years.

Galileo—the immobility of the earth.

Torricelli—Nature abhors a vacuum.

Dr. Harvey—the Pneuma theory.

Livingstone—the rights of the slave-holders.

All these dared to call in question ancient beliefs and practices. So Christian scholars—

Verbal inspiration theory.

Substitutionary atonement theory.

Biblical infallibility.

Unending torment.

The doubters—the men who demand proof—the men who seek secure foundations—these are the true helpers.

To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye.

Doubt is not antagonistic to Faith—for Faith is not Credulity.

Faith is the *substance*—the ground work, the solid matter, the rock foundation—of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things unseen.

Faith in action is *fidelity* to that foundation, and to the evidence—whether historical, rational, or experimental—of the unseen.

For all honest doubters we ought to be thankful.

IN THE MIDST OF THE YEARS

O Lord, keep alive Thy work in the midst of the years.—Hab. iii. 2.

Bible formerly translated from Vulgate which gave 'Revive.'

Hebrew original *Chayah* . . . 'Keep alive.'

To *revive* is to restore a dead or drooping form to life.

To *keep alive* is to ward off death or decay.

It is common knowledge that there are in life critical and perilous periods.

e.g. : Physiologically :

Boys and girls—13 to 18 years of age.

Men and women—45 to 55 years of age.

These physical changes call for special care and discretion.

If we survive the changes satisfactorily, life may again flow on smoothly.

When Sunday school work—or work amongst young people generally—is considered, we are faced with a critical period.

From 5 years to 13 or 14—no difficulty.

Beyond 20 years no special anxiety.

But 'in the midst of the years'—between 14 and

20—we lose young people by tens and hundreds of thousands.

Consider *life* as a whole:

1. *Youth*

The normal boy or maiden sees visions and dreams dreams of love, and success, and great achievement; builds castles in the air; entertains high hopes of coming days. Healthy boyhood and girlhood in all ages is eager for the fray, yearning for great adventure, ready for the upward climb.

2. *Age*

Fifty years have gone by. Let us assume that the visions of youth have materialized, that the dream has come true.

How calm and beautiful is life's evening then—
Youthful follies and mistakes left behind.
The long day's work done.
The hard battle fought.
The passions no longer tyrannical.
The worst perils now past.

3. But what of the intervening period?—'In the midst of the years.'

In tens of thousands of cases the sweet visions of youth fade; interest, energy, courage, adventure, hope,—vanish.

The spirit of youth languishes and dies.
Life becomes drab, vulgar, monotonous, aimless,
—without resources, interest, or enterprise.
How urgent is the prophet's prayer!

Marriage :

There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As Love's young dream.

There is no richer, purer joy on earth than that experienced by happy lovers who know the joy of being all in all to each other. If you doubt it, ask the poets, the painters, the novelists of every land and age, who have ever made this their central theme. At the very heart of the Bible is a book in which no mention is made of *God, religion, prayer, worship, temple, sin, redemption, atonement*, but which extols the pure love of a shepherd boy and a sun-browned village maiden.

Man and Wife after 50 years :

The lovers of long ago—lovers still—

They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,
The journey of life nearly done,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

What a theme for a poet!
What a picture for an artist!
But what of—

In the midst of the years?

When the first romance has passed,
When the years have brought monotonous tasks,
When the roses of youth have faded,
When poverty pinches, and illness hinders, and things go
wrong, and anxieties multiply.

The Prophet's prayer would be a beautiful addition to the Marriage Service:

O Lord, keep alive this love, this mutual trust, this unity of spirit, in the midst of the years.

There is a similar period of peril to the individual—
Students: many start, few arrive.

The goal seems far away and they grow faint.

So in life generally: The *start* and the *finish* may to some extent be left to look after themselves. The peril lies between.

What a tragedy when visions of splendour fade, when the thrill of a great ideal is no longer felt; when we are no longer wooed by a noble purpose, or anxious to experience life's great adventure.

Well may we pray

O Lord, keep us alive in the midst of the years.

This is a *prayer*, and no prayer is ever in vain.

Words, requests, petitions, may be in vain; but *the soul's sincere desire* is not.

Because: We set about to provide the conditions through which prayers are answered, *e.g.*—

Daily bread—Plough, sow, reap, grind, bake, etc.

Knowledge—Reading, study, research.

Keep alive Thy work . . . comply with the conditions through which that prayer may be answered.

1. *Get into the presence of those who kept alive in the midst of the years.*

Portraits of famous men in the halls of Oxford colleges—Saints, Scholars, Patriots, Statesmen, Men of Letters, Explorers, Scientists, etc.

Canon Liddon, Dean Stanley, Gladstone, Dr. Harvey, Bishop Butler, Arnold of Rugby, Keble, Newman, Matthew Arnold, Bishop Heber, John Wesley, Wycliffe. . . ., etc.

Ecclesiasticus xliv. 1-15.

Lives of great men . . . remind us.

2. *By church attendance*

If any dictum of ancient times has proved its worth, it is this:

They that wait upon the Lord . . .

Without it

Even the young people will faint and grow weary, and the young men shall utterly fall.

The personal gain from attendance at worship is immeasurably greater than is commonly supposed.

The contact with great truths, great examples, great appeals, great ideals, and a great Christ—exercises a potent influence upon character.

All unconsciously a gentle hand touches us and we are healed. A new power is breathed into the soul.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

—M. ARNOLD.

In the assembly of the saints the incentive to 'keep alive' is ever present.

Be thou faithful unto death.
To him that overcometh . . .
Be strong and of a good courage.

Hymns:

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long . . .
Hear the victors who o'ercame . . .
A noble army, men and boys . . .

Jesus: Holy Communion.

He who kept His soul alive in the midst of the years.

TEMPTATION

'Lead us not. . . .'—Matt. vi. 9-13.

Probably a greater difficulty here than with any other clause.

Temptation—two meanings { 1. To allure to evil.
2. To test.

When St. James says—'God tempteth no man'—he uses the first sense. It is utterly inconceivable that God should allure His children to evil. In the text, the word means—*testing, putting on trial*.

This leads to another difficulty—God leads us into temptation, i.e. into testing, into circumstances where a wrong choice is possible, and where we are tempted to make a wrong choice, and this happens every day and hour.

Moreover to ask for it to be otherwise—is to ask for the impossible and the undesirable. To pray that we may live sheltered lives, never tested, never faced with an alternative, never liable to err, is to ask for what in a moral realm is impossible, and which if possible would reduce a man to a mere machine.

The possibility of choosing, deciding, taking a stand, alone makes moral development possible.

A test involves two issues, or it would be no test.

Hence: Augustinianism, Calvinism, Determinism, Fatalism, which imply a fixed condition, are totally incompatible with a moral realm.

But—if man is free to choose, free to accept or refuse, free to rise or fall, then every hour brings its opportunity for decision.

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide.

—LOWELL.

It may come once every hour.

All this is part of the complex machinery for the making of man.

This daily and hourly choice is the weaving of the pattern of our lives.

The tissues of the life to be
We weave

The higher and the lower are ever before us, and we have to choose.

To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a Way. . . .

What then does this prayer mean?

1. In the Greek there is no comma after 'temptation'.
2. ἀλλὰ which follows bears the meaning of 'except' or 'without'.

A paraphrase may make it clear: 'Never lead us into any testing without delivering us from the evil choice', or 'Suffer us not to be tested beyond our powers of endurance' or (changing the negative form to the positive), 'Help us always to choose the right.'

e.g. More than one man has risen from humble circumstances, only to become a petty tyrant, a vindictive autocrat.

If there is any possibility of this happening to any of us, the prayer becomes this:

'Do not lead us into this temptation unless we have strength to act aright.'

A poor man makes money which proves his ruin:

The Prayer:

Father, do not allow me to become wealthy unless Thou art sure that I possess grace to use all I have as Thy steward, and not for myself.

If wealth, or position, or popularity, are likely to

injure us, we pray that we may not be led into these temptations.

Tests are plentiful—so are wrong decisions.

It needs an effort to get to a Sunday morning service and the temptation is to stay away.

It needs an effort to plod on when discouragements are many.

Temptations (tests) furnish life's opportunity, and out of all these daily choices the fabrics of life and character are built up.

TESTED BY FIRE

Let everyone take heed how—that is with what materials—he builds. No man can lay any other foundation than the one already laid, which is JESUS CHRIST. But anyone may build on this foundation either with gold, silver, and costly stones; or with wood, hay, or straw. Sooner or later the true value of every man's work will be seen, for a day is coming when it will be tested by fire. If any man's work survives the fire, that will be his reward; if it is consumed in the flames, that will be his loss.

1 Cor. iii. 10-15. (Free rendering.)

This teaching { supplementary.
complementary to that of Matt. vii. 24-29.

At the initial stage one can scarcely exaggerate the importance of a suitable site or foundation.

Carelessness or mistake may involve subsequent disaster: e.g. *Eddystone Lighthouse, 1879.*

In passage after passage, and in terms of unparalleled lucidity and emphasis, this primary consideration is urged not only by Jesus, but by Paul, Peter and John.

It is obvious that what applies to a material structure, house, tower, cathedral; applies to the building-up of a life, character, organization, Church, nation, and the Kingdom of God on earth.

Many of us share the unqualified conviction of

St. Paul, that the one and only secure foundation is that of Jesus Christ. Karl Marx, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, or this or that political party, are not at all likely to be the saviours of humanity. There is none other name given under heaven among men save that of Jesus, whereby this perplexed, restless, sinning, suffering world may be saved.

But contrary to much irresponsible talk about evangelism, and the implications of many songs of the 'Sankey' type, the builders' task is not complete when a good foundation has been chosen; indeed the real task is not yet begun.

The real full-time job of Christian people is not to rest content with their site: their supreme task is to build the Holy City of God, and to extend throughout the earth the Kingdom of Heaven.

Having wisely decided upon the only possible foundation, our life-long task is to build. But a good foundation is no guarantee of a good building. (*Examples of this*).

Here we come up against two indisputable facts:

1. An amazing abundance of possible materials.

Granite rock to mud.

Pine logs to palm leaves.

2. A practically unfettered choice.

Freedom involves Responsibility—and Peril.

Together with this wealth of material, and the freedom of choice, must be bracketed another fact, viz.: that God—or Nature—puts in a safety device, lest we mar the eternal purpose. All our work will be tested by fire, and all that is perishable, mistaken, mean, false, ugly, unworthy, will pass away:

Ergo: 'Let every man take heed how he builds'.

Paul's two classes:

I. WOOD, GRASS, STRAW

1. Cheap and easily procured.
2. Soon erected.
3. Demand no technical skill.
4. Perishable.

II. GOLD, SILVER, COSTLY STONES

1. Costly and difficult to obtain:

Sacré Cœur, £ 2½ millions.

- ## 2. A long time in building:

Herod's temple ... 46 years

Rouen Cathedral ... 11th to 17th century.

Milan „ ... 15 March, 1386

Cologne „ ... 600 years

Antwerp „ ... 400 years

- ### 3. Highest skill demanded:

Stresses and strains

Exclusion of perishable materials

The structure must withstand—*Fire, Flood, Storm, Battle, Earthquake, and the Ravages of Time*

What, in view of the facts, is our choice going to be?

In this age of superficiality there is an insistent appeal for spectacular display. Men are impatient with the slow march of the ages. Socialism, or some other 'ism', in our time, is the slogan. The world converted to Christianity in this generation is another.

Vulgarity of many church announcements.

Rome was not built in a day. Neither shall we build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land, in one generation.

Slowly moves the march of ages,

Slowly grows the forest king. . . .

Let no one doubt the reality of the consuming fire; it is here before our eyes.

Heaps of things are passing away, things upon which men spent long years of labour—creeds, theological theories, widespread beliefs, customs and methods.

But let none doubt another reality: The structures of gold, silver, costly stones, abide uninjured. No flames can destroy the eternal goodness, truth and beauty. It is no real loss when ancient beliefs, mistaken traditions, and false theories vanish in smoke.

Rather than pander to a thoughtless age, it is better to add one chip of imperishable material, than a mountain of wood—hay—straw.

SONS OF FIRE

'Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward'—Job. v. 7.

This seems like the statement of a man who has a pessimistic view of life.

Is life worth living? Read: 17-26.

The word '*Trouble*' often suggests: *Sorrow*

Misery

Pain

Loss

Grief

As far back as 1602 the revisers saw that the original word had another meaning:

A. V. Margin } *Labour*
 } *Work*

LXX. 286 B.C.:

ἄνθρωπος γεννᾶται κόπῳ—toil, work, weariness.

700 Years later—VULGATE (A.D. 386):

(Parent of all Bibles in Western Europe for 1,100 years).

Homo Nascitur ad Laborem

We have looked at:

Our own A.V. of 330 years ago,
The Vulgate Bible of 1,550 years ago, and
The Greek LXX Bible of 2,200 years ago.

Now let us go back to the Hebrew original of probably 3,000 years ago.

Ki adam l'amal yullad ub'ne resheph yagbihi 'uph

Several Hebrew words translated 'Trouble'; e.g.,
verse 19:

Tsarah—Adversity, Affliction, Distress,
Misery.

Rogez—from a root meaning to tremble or quake.
Fear, Alarm, Dread.

Amal—To work hard,
To put forth efforts,
To do wearisome tasks,
To struggle against difficulties,
To labour.

Man is born to AMAL

This is man's natural lot: What the text affirms,
experience proves.

A simple observation will convince anyone of the *fact*.

A simple inquiry will reveal the *purpose*.

I. As to the Fact

With a few exceptions all desirable things are placed
just beyond our ordinary reach. Nature abounds in
treasures for men's use, but few of them can be possessed
without trouble and effort.

Bread: Plough, sow, reap, grind, bake.

Minerals: Toil, dig, extract from ore.

Knowledge: Continuous effort and toil.

Freedom: Won at tremendous cost.

Conquest of Disease: Long years of research.

Pleasure: Must be earned.

God lays His *pearls* on the ocean floor,
His *gold* beneath the snows of Klondyke,
His *coal* He buries in the earth,
His *fruits* at the ends of the earth.

It took men ten thousand years to discover Radium,
and Neon, or a cure for Hydrophobia.

Many prophets and kings desired to see the things
that we see, but died without the sight.

Research and *exploration* are writ large in the story of
mankind.

Conquest of the virgin soil of Canada or Australia:

The clearing of primeval forests, etc. . . .

Roads to make, mountains to remove, rivers to bridge, towns to
build, commerce to organize.

Truly man is born to *Amal*.

Beset by a myriad difficulties, confronted by countless
obstacles, *What will man do?*

There are not only *obstacles*, there are *perils* great and
serious. Think of the loss of life in the conquest of air,
and earth and sea.

The death roll of { The Arctic
The White Man's grave
Panama Canal

The cost of spreading the Kingdom of God.

Shall we evade the task? Many do.

There is: The *faint heart* who never wins fair lady.

Sluggards whose land yields no crop.

Cowards who desert the ranks.

Men who go under—instead of on.

People who are content to live a poor, impoverished life, because of the trouble of acquiring knowledge, culture, discipline, and inward resources.

But man's high destiny is to win through, he is made to succeed, and the very struggle we are tempted to evade, is the instrument of our salvation.

Electric current passing through wire. An easy path, no obstacle. To get light we deliberately place a *hindrance—resistance*—in its path. In overcoming the resistance it supplies light. *The obstacle has proved a blessing.*

The text in its picturesque Hebrew form, affirms that *although man is born to labour*—born to face innumerable troubles—nevertheless there are:

Brave souls that fight and conquer.

Undaunted toilers who plod on and win.

Daring spirits who soar above limitations.

Men of Faith to whom nothing is impossible.

Look again at the Hebrew words. The Hebrew for 'sparks' is a charming little picture:

Bene-resheph—Sons of flame.

You never get nearer the truth than you do in a *picture.*

II. The Text:

'Man's natural condition is to toil in the midst of dangers and difficulties, nevertheless, despite all this, the Sons of Flame—the brave and ardent souls—mount upward, refuse to be defeated, and achieve victory.'

On the anvil the very blow that smites the iron, sets free the sparks.

The iron is crushed, but the sons of flame fly upward.

What a picture of the heroes and heroines of all the ages!

Judges viii. 4:

And Gideon came to Jordan, and passed over, he, and the 300 men that were with him, faint, yet pursuing.

Paul at Miletus:

I go to Jerusalem—not knowing. . . .

But none of these things move me.

Job:

I know that my Vindicator liveth

3 Hebrews and the fire:

But if not . . . we will not bow.

Paul—2 Cor. iv. 8:

We are hard pressed but we do not despair;
perplexed but not utterly baffled;
pursued but not helpless; smitten but still alive.

Read the names on earth's imperishable scroll of fame.

These are the *bene-resheph*—the conquering but unconquerable souls.

These are they who through faith subdued kingdoms, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in battle, and put to flight the armies of the aliens.

Jesus—the greatest of them all, outgrew His Nazarene limitations, vanquished the tempter, refused to be defeated, set His face steadfastly towards Jerusalem, passed through Gethsemane, and died on a cross of wood.

Man is born to suffer and to toil, nevertheless the Sons of Flame soar upward.

ONE FLOCK: ONE SHEPHERD

—John x. 16.

Limitations of the Hebrew Religion:

1. National.
2. No translated Bible.
3. No foreign missions.
4. Opposition to extension (The book of Jonah).

Jesus:

A task of exceptional magnitude.
To uproot an age-long tradition and mentality.

Quiet preparation in a series of pictures:

1. The Magi.
2. Good Samaritan.
3. Centurion of Capernaum.
4. Syro-phoenician Woman.
5. Greeks: 'Sirs, we would see Jesus.'

Then

'Go ye into all the world. . . .'

The greatness of the task of inaugurating the new era is shown in the stories of the Apostles:

1. Paul kicking against the goad.
2. Peter: the common and unclean.
3. Attitude of mother Church at Jerusalem.

Three great truths are exhibited in this study:

- I. THE UNIVERSAL QUEST OF MANKIND.
- II. THE DIVERSITY OF EXTERNALS.
- III. THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

I. THE UNIVERSAL QUEST OF MANKIND

Jesus recognized the germ of goodness in every man created in the image of God, which, given a chance to develop, might attain to great things. He also saw in the hidden heart of man, the universal quest for God.

All peoples, in all lands, and in all ages, have desired

1. Some abiding reality.
2. Some response to the soul's longings.
3. Some assurance of the deathless life.

- (a) Egyptian mummies, and Book of the Dead.
- (b) Indians' dream of Paradise.
- (c) Buddhists' thoughts of Nirvana.
- (d) Greek conception of Hades.
- (e) Persian graves.

Jesus saw the people of the earth in their unending struggle for light and truth: He knew that HE HIMSELF was 'The Desire of Nations'.

Hence

'Other sheep have I . . .'

Turn now to

II. THE DIVERSITY OF EXTERNALS

Other sheep, but—'Not of this fold'.

A 'FOLD' is usually a fenced enclosure, shutting in animals of a certain class or group, and excluding others.

It separates, i.e. *it shuts in*, and *it shuts out*.

This fold, refers to the Hebrew National Church.

But why seek others that differ?

1. They need the Church.
2. The Church needs them.

1. We seek a man for his own sake: the Church has something of value to offer him.

2. We seek to win him because he has something of value he can contribute to the common good.

So Jesus: 'These also I must bring'.

1. For their own enrichment.
2. His Church would be enriched by them.

Christianity is not parochial, provincial or national. As

a world-wide activity it demands the diverse gifts of all peoples, tribes and tongues. The *Church of Jesus* is a *Catholic Church* in *activities, aims and endowments*. Leaving for a moment the innumerable benefits and blessings Christianity has conferred upon the world, note some of the gains to the Church itself.

1. *Greeks* ... Language.
 2. *Goths* ... (Ulphilas A.D. 318, Gothic version), Architecture.
 3. *Jews* ... Devotion, Scripture-reading in Church, Prayers, Liturgies, Psalms.
 4. *Romans* ... Virility, Endurance. The early martyrs.
 5. *Orient* ... Its mysticism, its parables.
 6. *West* ... Practical enterprise.
- So: *Rich* ... their wealth
Scholars ... „ learning
Poets ... „ vision
Artists ... „ discernment of Beauty
Sages ... „ wisdom
Prophets ... „ messages
Seers ... „ inspiration
Workmen... „ labour
Kings ... „ glory
Saints ... „ holiness

For a universal Church all the varied contributions are needed.

The characteristics of no one *man*, or *sect*, or *nation* would suffice for a world-wide movement.

Rigid sectarianism is an enemy to the Kingdom of God.

Note how each great section of the divided Church stands for some imperishable truth, some asset of universal value:

- | | | |
|------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. <i>Quakers</i> | ... The inner light | { <i>Credo in</i>
<i>Spiritum</i>
<i>Sanctum</i> |
| 2. <i>Unitarians</i> | ... Divine unity. Intellectual freedom. | |
| 3. <i>Romanism</i> | ... Catholicity and co-ordination. | |
| 4. <i>Baptists</i> | ... Internal purity of the Church. | |
| 5. <i>Methodists</i> | ... The fact of conversion. | |
| 6. <i>Congregationalists</i> | Freedom (local). | |
| 7. <i>Anglicans</i> | ... Reverence in worship. Divine Authority. | |
| 8. <i>Salvation Army</i> | ... Evangelism (practical). | |
| 9. <i>S.C.M.</i> | ... (<i>inter alia</i>) Missions to the rich and the cultured, as well as to the drunkard in the slums. | |

III. THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT

One Flock, One Shepherd

Not 'one Fold' as in the A.V.

Wycliffe (14th century) mistranslates—*Fold*.

Tyndale (16th century) translates correctly—*Flock*.

Since the Greek original became available in the seventeenth century, all uncertainty vanished. The Greek is *μία ποίμνη*—one Flock.

Fold	...	... αὐλή
Flock	...	... ποίμνη

So Luther (German Bible):

... *nicht aus diesem Stalle* ... *wird eine Herde werden*

French: *Un seul troupeau et un seul berger*.

The future Church will not necessarily be 'One Fold' but 'One Flock'.

Nature —Unity—but infinite diversity.
Human Body—Unity—but many parts.
Army —Unity—but many regiments.
In Christ —ONE FLOCK—but many FOLDS.

*They shall gather from the East, and from the West,
 and from the North, and from the South . . .*

THE FOLLOWING OF THE STAR

'And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.'

—Matt. ii. 10

The Festival of Epiphany is one of the oldest of the Christian celebrations. It is based upon the story of the Magi, and its purpose is to call attention to the outstanding truth of divine guidance: a worthy topic on the threshold of a new year. In the very forefront of the New Testament records stands the narrative upon which the Epiphany Festival is based.

The very setting of the story suggests some home-truths we do well to remember:

1. The seekers of the Holy Child were men of another race.

2. The first gifts were presented by strangers.

(Too often has it been true that religious people have been indifferent, whilst others have been seekers after truth.

Too often while 'the common people heard Him gladly', Priests and Rulers persecuted Him, despised Him, rejected Him.

Remember that it was the devout and religious and patriotic people who crucified Jesus.)

The guiding light was not a blazing sun, but a point of light amidst a myriad other stars of the sky.

OUR guiding light is rarely a dazzling beacon; the voice that speaks to us never shouts.

NOT in the whirlwind.

NOT in the earthquake.

NOT in the fire.

Although many may have seen with undiscerning eyes the star, none but the wise men recognized that it was a guiding light.

Not only 'amidst the encircling gloom' may the 'kindly light' be a feeble star, but it is elusive.

The skies of earth are often clouded, and although the stars never cease to shine, there are many times when we cannot see them.

The Magi: Think of anxious nights and disappointing days when the star could not be seen.

Think of the joy when it shone out again and moved before them.

Perhaps the saddest disappointment of all was experienced as they neared their journey's end—and the star failed them.

To have traversed the dreary desert;

To have crossed moor and fen;

To have reached the land of strangers; and then to feel that the star was failing them, was hard indeed.

As they approached the city no kingly palace came into view; no royal pageant directed them; there were none to shout 'God save the King'; no bells rang out to announce His nativity.

Even after the lapse of nineteen centuries we can still detect the note of bewilderment, anxiety, and sadness in their voices:

Where is He. the King?

This bewilderment may come to you—to me.

The right path is not always clear.
Clouds and mist surround us at times.
We oft have need to pray, 'O Light, more light.'

In their distress what did the Magi do?

God has provided other helps beside stars :
Among the devout men of Judea were those who were
seeking the birthplace of the King by other ways.
These were the students of the Holy Word.
Herod himself saw no star—but he appealed to God's
Priests and Ministers.

The Wise Men, too, appealed for this human help.

Tell us, where can we find the King?

The answer was clear, distinct, definite:

In Bethlehem. . . FOR THUS IT IS WRITTEN.

Thus may the sacred pages become a lamp unto our
feet, and a light unto our path.

As the Magi left Jerusalem to go to Bethlehem
another wonderful thing happened:

For lo: the star which they had seen in the East, went before
them.

Thus:

God has His ministers in every place, but does not
leave you wholly dependent upon the advice of men.

Jesus taught that men were not wholly dependent
even upon His words:

If any man willeth¹ to do the will of God, he shall know of
My teaching whether it be of God, or whether I speak from
Myself.

When they saw the star they rejoiced with great joy.

An interlude of sadness and darkness often prepares
the heart for a more intense joy.

¹ Active verb, not passive; not—'is willing', but—'is determined to do'.

Like the Magi—as we journey across life's hills and
plains our main quest should be the finding of the
King: IS IT?

He is the WAY—do we seek that?—the way of the
Cross?

He is the TRUTH—do we seek Truth, or like many
religious people—hate it?

He is the LIFE—do we seek the kind of life He lived
—weariness, disappointment, sor-
row, loneliness, pain?

To sing sentimental rhymes about loving Jesus, and
never to face reality, is a soul-destroying habit.

When the desert travellers found the King they
opened their treasures. Shall we not open our treasures
—all the golden things of life,—fragrant things,—beauti-
ful things.

I. GOLD

Not money alone—but all the golden treasures we
possess—the joys, the brightness, the cultivated talents,
all beauty, happiness, mirth and laughter. Consecrate
all these to the King's service: all wit and wisdom, all
knowledge and skill, the strength of manhood, the
sweetness of girlhood, and all opportunities to serve.

II. FRANKINCENSE

The fragrant influences of our lives.

Worship—adoration.

Gentleness, gratitude, affection, patience, sympathy,
love.

III. MYRRH

Bitterness—Death—Embalment.

The offering of myrrh is the gift of self; the daily
crucifixion of the self-life.

FREDERICK GEORGE TAYLOR

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be. . . .

That is the gift of myrrh.

LASTLY—When they had offered their gifts, they
departed . . . another way.

This happens to many of us. After the gift of myrrh
our whole outlook becomes different. Unexpected things
often happen.

A new road often opens out before you: it may be a
harder—but it will be His way.

You may go all the way home by that other way—but
at the end—

*Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty;
They shall behold His wide-spread land.*

V

POETRY AND HYMNS

PROLOGUE

Memoria est thesaurus omnium rerum et custos. (Cicero)

Sometimes, at night—when the long day is done,
And supper's over,—then I light my pipe;
The soothing pipe of which in other days
Spake Hiawatha to his Indian braves.
I poke the fire, and in the fitful flames
I visions see, as the clairvoyant sees;
Not burning coals or flickering tongues of light,
But scenes of other years, and other lands.
I tread once more on childhood's distant shore;
I hear the village bells, as long ago
I heard them in my merry boyhood's days;
I dream again the golden dreams of love;
I build again my castles in the air;
I feel again the thrills of student times;
I see again the sights of earlier years—
The snow-clad Alps, Italian sunlit plains,
The low Dutch coast, the field of Waterloo,
Cities of France, gay scenes of Mona's Isle,
The Emerald Land, and Scotland's western coast,
The English lakes, wild Snowdon's lonely peak,
And mighty London ever dear to me,
And noble Oxford, city of my heart.
All these, and many more—a thousand more—
In pensive moods crowd in my heart and brain;
And being weary with the day's long hours,
Of phrases Greek, and theologic lore,

Of homiletic toil and much research,
 Of vain attempts to teach the blind to see,
 Of vain attempts to make the deaf to hear,
 And vain attempts to make the foolish wise;
 I take odd scraps of paper lying near,
 And write my thoughts in many a simple rhyme;
 Not chiefly for another's eye to see,
 But for myself alone I write the words.
 The game is handy though it wins no gold,
 Nor praises should it meet the critic's eye;
 It injures not nor harms my fellow men;
 It wastes not pencil, paper, strength, nor time;
 'Tis only done when day's true tasks are o'er;
 'Tis better far than useless, idle talk,
 Or vacant stare, or still more vacant thought.
 It calls for words, for rules, for syntax, rhyme,
 For synonyms, for gentle turns of speech,
 For rhythm, pleasing to the ear and eye,
 And for a truth to weave into the words.
 And should another see what I have wrought,
 To such an one would I address the prayer:
 'Reap if you can some pleasure from my songs;
 But as you read, and imperfections scan
 On every page, and almost every line,
 Have mercy, friend, and let love's blinded eye,
 Survey my rhymes, and not that other eye,
 Which, clearly seeing all that I have done,
 Shall find on every page a myriad faults.'

YE VERACIOUS AND DIVERTYNG BALLADE
 OF JERRY BATES

My friend Jerry Bates was a curious boy
 Who hated all frolic and fun;
 He handled no cricket bat, racket, or ball,
 No fishing rod, rat trap, or gun.
 He never was guilty of practical jokes,
 Never joined in a pastime or game;
 He went to no party, or social, or feast,
 For his was a loftier aim.

He was greatly at home in the chemical lab.,
 And loved every horrible stink;
 He worshiped the iodine, potash, and tin,
 The sulphuric acid, and zinc.
 The phosphorus, sodium, oxide of iron,
 Bunsen burners, magnesium light,
 Big bottles, and powders, and funnels, and tubes—
 In these he would revel all night.

He once took some carbon bisulphide, and poured
 That fluid (in one of his tricks)
 On some pieces of phosphorus placed in a glass,
 And stirred, the concoction to mix.
 Then calling a simple, but innocent youth,
 He rubbed all the stuff on his head
 To make his brain active—so Jerry explained—
It burnt all his hair off instead.

Some chlorate of potash and sulphur, one day
 He rubbed with unusual force;
 The mixture exploding spread wreckage all round,
 And Bates nearly finished his course.

Some nitrogen iodide, placed on a wall
To give certain youngsters a fright,
Forgotten by Jerry, and left to its fate,
Went off in the dead of the night.

He courted a girl, Jennie Shipley by name,
(A right decent lassie was she),
And breaking for once his inflexible rule,
He went to his sweetheart's to tea.
Now Jerry was always engaged in research,
And making experiments new,
So even at tea time, with mother and girl,
This end he kept closely in view.

When Jennie and mother were looking away,
Jerry popped something queer in the tea
For improving the brew, little heeding that he
Mistaken might easily be.
But when the queer substance foamed up like the tide,
With a fizz and a great effervesce,
He admitted for once that his chemical craft
Had landed them all in a mess.

The tea cloth was ruined, and Jennie's new blouse,
Which made her look smart as a queen,
Was splashed by the chemicals Jerry had brought,
Which made it not fit to be seen.
The food was uneatable, owing to fumes,
They e'en had to open the door;
While old Mrs. Shipley informed Mr. Bates
He could not come there any more.

Poor Jennie decided she couldn't have Bates,
Or any towards science inclined;
She sent back his presents, a hymn-book and brooch,
And gave him a piece of her mind.

I could tell you much more, and another tale tell,
Though doubtless enough has been said:
Still, one thing I'll tell you: I thought at the time
That I might have Jennie instead.

For I and Miss Jennie grew friendly indeed;
I taught her the names of the stars;
She could pick out the planets, and knew every one,
Which was Jupiter, Saturn, or Mars.
One late autumn evening she looked up and said:
'Whenever Aldebaran you see,
Remember Miss Shipley, and do not forget,
Though I may be far o'er the sea.'

A year or so later she bade me 'Good-bye',
And sailed for the great western shore;
To big Philadelphia far o'er the waves,
From whence she would wander no more.
I have heard nothing of her from that day to this,
Nor much of my friend Jerry Bates;
But I always recall when I think of those days;
The story this ballad relates.

EPIGRAM

Who smiles not at a nonsense page,
Hath gained the dismal spoils of age.

THE LOVERS

Here happy lovers walk today
 And wander to and fro,
 Where other happy lovers walked
 A hundred years ago;
 And when another hundred years
 Again have passed away,
 Here lads and lasses still will meet
 Just as they meet today.

FELLOWSHIP

We tread life's road together,
 With hearts oft-times aglow;
 Through days of summer brightness,
 Through gloom and winter's snow.
 Within God's holy temple
 We join in common praise;
 We two have shared together
 His blessings all the days.

OCTOBER 22ND, 1927

Adieu! Farewell! 'tis all that we can say,
 To bid 'God speed' upon your onward way.
 Borne o'er the vast and trackless ocean's tide,
 May He who calmed the sea with you abide.
 In that far land as each new friend you find,
 Remember those you've left so far behind.

HEAVEN

I ask no streets of shining gold,
 I seek no gates of pearl;
 I ask no bright angelic harps,
 Or banner to unfurl;
 I ask no endless sabbath day,
 No everlasting song;
 I only ask—that I may live
 To help the world along.

I ask for earnest work to do
 For Him who died for me;
 That from the morning hours till noon
 My hands may active be.
 I ask for strength to seek and save
 Some wanderer in the wild;
 That I may help my brother man,
 Or teach some little child.

I'd like that when the sun goes down,
 Upon some river's brink,
 To sit awhile and smoke my pipe,
 Or read my book, and think;
 Or wander through the nut-brown woods
 With lads and lasses gay;
 Or romp in childhood's games once more,
 In fields of new-mown hay.

I'd like to dig my garden soil,
 And plant the well-known seed;
 To cultivate the useful plant,
 Or check the harmful weed.
 I'd like to watch the flying bird,
 And view the twinkling star;
 I'd like to see the passing ships
 Beyond the harbour bar.

I'd like to feel the thrill of youth,
 To dream some dream of love;
 To wander down some shady lane,
 (Not shining streets above).
 I'd like to hear the kettle sing,
 And watch the kittens play;
 And hear the distant bells ring out
 The knell of parting day.

I'd like to twine the mistletoe
 When Christmas comes again;
 To tramp through newly-fallen snow,
 Through winter's slush and rain;
 I'd like to greet the rising moon,
 That lantern in the sky;
 I'd like to stay with all my friends,
 And never say 'Good-bye.'

To lie upon some grassy bank
 Where springtime flowers abound,
 With some loved comrade by my side,
 And sunshine all around;
 To gaze upon the bright blue sky
 Through hours of peaceful bliss;
 If this could be—I would not ask
 A better heaven than this.

I like this rough and tumble world,
 It's often heaven to me;
 But for its sadness, sin, and pain,
 No better would I see.
 Then give me here (and tempt me not
 With golden streets above),—
 My books, my pipe, my boys, my girls,
 This old brown earth, and LOVE.

'WE WERE FOUR, NOT THREE'

'During that long march over the glaciers . . . it seemed to me often that we were four, not three'—SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.

In far Antarctic realms, 'midst blizzards keen,
 Three dauntless men white glacial fields explore,
 While ever near them moves a Friend unseen:
 'Not three, but four.'

Wild sunsets, drifting vapours, deck the sky;
 A thousand wonders haunt that polar shore;
 More wondrous still, that Comrade ever nigh!
 'Not three, but four.'

In quest of truth to light the ways of men,
 Through that lone land they pressed, as on before
 The silent Friend points towards the distant ken.
 'Not three, but four.'

In days long past, another faithful three,
 Undaunted, faced the heated furnace' roar,
 Till Babylonian king exclaimed: 'I see
 Not three, but four.'

So always with the race of hero souls,
 The unseen Comrade ever near will be;
 Whenever three set out for worthy goals,
 'Tis four, not three.

'Where . . . three are . . . together . . . there am I in the midst'—JESUS THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH.

JANUARY 18TH, 1919

'The green leaves are falling' so sang we that night,
As we danced round the ring in the glimmering light;
The schoolroom re-echoed our shoutings of glee,
For our hearts were as happy as happy could be.

'Then give me your hand, Love,' continued our song,
For the moments are passing; we cannot stay long;
This glad hour of joy with the past soon will be,
So give me your hand, Love—and a sweet kiss for me.

The days are departing, the years gliding by,
And shadow and gloom in the future may lie;
Then give me your hand, Love; whatever betide
In the conflict of life let us stand side by side.

May the pleasures we've tasted within the old walls,
Remain with us still when the last curtain falls;
May we think even then of those moments of bliss,
When we ended our games with a song and a kiss.

THE BETTER PART

Within a silent room when day was done,
A maiden knelt in simple, earnest prayer
Before the Christ, her Saviour, King, and Lord;
Her tender, trustful spirit unaware
Of radiant splendour from the spirit land
Which round about her shone; a light from heaven
Filling her heart with joy unspeakable,
And heavenly peace which God to her had given.
And as she knelt before the unseen Friend,
Yearning for goodness to enrich her youth,
Asking for daily strength for daily needs;
For grace to tread the ways of heavenly truth,
Seeking for pardon, purity, and love,
For cleansing from the lingering stains of sin,
For peace of mind, for simple, trustful faith,
For light, more light, to shine without, within,
For friendship, and the grip of human hand,
For memories sweet to cherish through the years,
For help to cheer some sad and lonely heart,
For gentleness, to dry another's tears:
While thus she prayed God's angels hovered near;
The Master's word was uttered o'er again:
'Mary hath chosen'—thus the message ran—
'That better part which shall for aye remain.'

BENJAMIN BRADBURY

A meditation in the churchyard at Disley. (February, 1919)

NOT HERE. O friend of God, thy spirit lives
 With Him who led thee through the chequered years,
 Who taught thee in those ways of truth to walk,
 Revealed by prophets, bards, or ancient seers.
 When thrilled by sights in ocean, earth, and sky,
 By solar splendour, or by common clod,
 He taught thee e'er to see in beast or bird
 Eternal glories, and the way to God.
 He filled thy heart with love for human kind;
 He taught thee truths from Israel's ancient word;
 He gave thee skill to lead the wanderer home;
 To speak to children of thine own dear Lord.
 How oft in converse when the day was done,
 We talked of insect, crystal, leaf, or flower;
 Of mountain peaks, or heather-covered moor;
 Of winter storms, or cooling summer shower;
 And found in each a simple path to heaven,
 Remote from forms, or tangled skeins of creed;
 A clear, straight path, that led towards starry skies,
 Yet not apart from men, or human need:
 'Till one bright winter's morn, when o'er the earth
 The snow lay deep; when from the azure dome
 God's sun shone out, and lighted on their way
 The angels, sent to bear thy spirit home.
 It was the day of prayer. The distant bells
 Told of the sabbath which the Lord had given;
 O friend! it was no earthly sabbath morn
 Awaited thee; but that blest day of heaven.

Still, oft I wander when the day is done,
 O'er that familiar path our steps have trod;
 Undying memories make that path to be
 A road henceforth to lead me nearer God.
 Farewell, dear friend, a little while farewell!
 Life's broken friendships, though they bring us pain,
 Enrich us still with Faith, and Hope, and Love;
 Farewell! a brief farewell—we'll meet again.

THE GREATEST GIFT

Of all heaven's gifts upon mankind bestowed,
 One gift divine all others doth transcend;
 Not gold, nor pearls, nor gems of costly price,
 Can e'er exceed this greatest gift—a FRIEND.

A SONG OF MEMORY

I think once more of happy bygone days
 Of long ago;
 Fond memories of the old familiar ways,
 Steal to and fro.

I hear again the songs that once made glad
 The winter's night;
 In fancy still I see the moorland clad
 In summer's light.

Dear dreamland faces bright with smiles of mirth,
 My hopes sustain;
 Familiar voices long since hushed on earth,
 I hear again.

To Thee, great Lord of all, I gladly yield
 My grateful praise,
 For fragrant flowers of memory's sunlit field,
 Where nought decays.

Joys, greater far than e'er I hoped to gain,
 Thou givest me;
 Rich treasures which will evermore remain,
 Descend from Thee.

Undying memories evermore will cling
 To those dear days;
 And sweet thoughts linger like bright flowers of spring,
 Far down life's ways.

MEDITATION

Maryton

'In all thy thoughts acknowledge Him,
 And He shall then direct thy ways',
 Thus spake the sage in Israel's land,
 To those perplexed, in ancient days.

When we have longings in our hearts,
 And know not how to reach the goal,
 The same unchanging God can grant
 The pure desires of every soul.

He leads us through the changing years;
 He guides us with unerring hand;
 He oft fulfils the heart's desire
 By ways we cannot understand.

NOËL

Ellacombe

The old Noël is here again
 In snowy mantle clad;
 Both youth and age a welcome give,
 For human hearts are glad.
 O bright Noël! O gay Noël!
 Born in the starry night,
 New hopes make glad the hearts of men,
 As dawns thy morning light.

'Whence hast thou come, O glad Noël,
 To this chill, wintry wild?'
 'From Bethlehem's town, where, in my arms,
 Lay Mary's firstborn child.
 The infant Jesus sends the joy
 Which now I bring to you;
 The gifts for every little child,
 These come from Jesus too.'

'Say, Noël, hast thou travelled far?'
 'I visit all the earth;
 Men everywhere in festal songs
 Proclaim the Saviour's birth.
 I linger but one winter's day,
 Then forth I go again;
 But treasures which I bring to you,
 Will evermore remain.'

THE PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR

St. Augustine

Pilgrims, your vigil keep;
 Hear midnight's solemn chime;
 The year is passing in the night
 Into the bygone time.

Its days are past for aye;
 Its fleeting hours are sped;
 Its smiles, its tears, its joys, its griefs,
 Are numbered with the dead.

The precious time redeem,
 For years are speeding fast;
 That which now dawns may be to us
 Of life's short years the last.

Keep thou thy temple pure;
 Live e'er as in God's sight;
 Whate'er thy hands shall find to do,
 Do ever with thy might.

To thine own self be true;
 Be true to Christ thy Lord;
 Be true to Truth revealed in Him,
 And in the written word.

When the last year shall come,
 When earth's brief day is o'er,
 Receive us, Lord, to Thy blest home,
 Where time shall be no more.

NEW YEAR HYMN

Stockport

Comrades, unite to greet the glad new year,
Wherein new hopes for all mankind appear;
The year grown old is dying in the night;
New visions rise as breaks the morning light;
Hail this new time! Sound forth a joyous lay!
Comrades, go forth to meet the coming day.

To joyous music let our songs be sung;
Let grateful praise ascend from every tongue;
Once more to us the ample chance is given
To serve our God, and start afresh for heaven.
Praise ye the King! the Everlasting Word!
Praise ye our God! the great and mighty Lord.

Greet ye the tasks this new-born day doth bring!
Join ye in loyal service to our King!
Rebuild this shatter'd earth,—and e'en restore
A fairer world than e'er has been before;
'Till in one holy league all nations stand,
And Jesus rules supreme in every land.

New hopes, this day, our human spirits cheer,
That nobler deeds will mark the coming year;
In glad thanksgiving let the bells be rung!
In tuneful praise let all our songs be sung!
And evermore rejoice with one accord,
To praise the great and all-victorious Lord.

FOLLOWING THE STAR

St. Mary Magdalene

From the eastern country,
From their land afar,
Wise men seeking Jesus
Saw the wondrous Star;
Safely were they guided
Through the winter's night,
To the manger-cradle,
By its kindly light.

Still that Star shines o'er us;
Those who fain would bring
Gold, and myrrh, and incense,
To the Saviour-King,
On the east horizon
Hail the beacon bright,
Guiding pilgrims onward,
By its welcome light.

Many who have wandered
Through the realms of night,
Saw the Star shine o'er them;
In its glory bright;
Blessed light of Jesus,
Son of God, who came
To redeem His lost ones
From eternal shame.

Lonely souls, and weary
 Pilgrims of the night,
 Pressed by sore temptations,
 Fighting for the right;
 Loved ones ever near us,
 Souls in lands afar,
 Make the homeward journey,
 Guided by a Star.

When the days seem dreary,
 When the nights are long,
 When the flesh is failing,
 When the foe is strong;
 When our hearts are yearning
 For the friends afar,
 May we see the brightness
 Of the guiding Star.

Many dear ones gathered
 In that heavenly home,
 Where no parting sadness
 Evermore shall come;
 Travelled o'er earth's desert
 To the land afar,
 Till they reached the Homeland
 Guided by a Star.

PRAYER

St. Augustine

Dear Lord, in Thy blest word,
 We read the story old,
 How wise men guided by a Star,
 Brought Thee their gifts of gold.

We too have seen the Star,
 The Saviour we have found;
 We worship Thee; our human hearts
 With gratitude abound.

To Thee our gold we give,
 Our fragrant incense bring;
 Our myrrh in self-surrender—all
 As offerings to our King.

O may that Star still guide
 Us, pilgrims on life's way,
 Lest from the narrow path of life
 Our feet should go astray.

The memory of this day
 Lord, may it e'er remain
 To cheer us when our days are sad,
 Or through the nights of pain.

Grant us at last to reach
 That far-off land of love;
 There may we ever with Thee dwell
 In Thy bright home above.

EASTER HYMN

Lux Eoi

Alleluia! Alleluia! On this joyous Easter day,
 Gather we in Christ's own presence, glad His summons
 to obey;
 We, with grateful, humble spirits, would our choicest
 offerings bring,
 We would hail the mighty Victor; we would crown the
 conquering King.

It is finished! It is finished! Sing the resurrection song;
 Let the saints in earth and heaven all the notes of praise
 prolong;
 For our hopes and expectations gather round that
 gracious word,
 'If I live ye shall live also,' spoken by the suffering
 Lord.

We have tarried in the desert forty days and forty nights,
 We have struggled through the darkness yearning for the
 distant heights;
 Through the night of doubt and sorrow oft we've fought
 our weary way,
 Looking ever for the morning of the glad triumphant day.

Many times with faith discouraged, when the lamp of
 hope burned low,
 When some earthly friend had failed us, when our steps
 were sad and slow,
 Has the light of love shone o'er us, kindness cheered us
 on our way,
 Hope returned, and strength been granted for the
 burdens of the day.

Weary days may lie before us, lonely nights of loss and
 pain,
 Still the Easter message lingers—not one struggle need
 be vain;
 Bear the cross and e'er remember darkest hours precede
 the dawn;
 Christ has triumphed, we shall triumph, we shall hail
 our Easter morn.

PRAYER

Duke St. or Abends

Great Lord of life—Who from the grave
 Arose, on that first Easter day,
 O come to this frail heart of mine,
 And chase its doubts and fears away.

Thou hast the mystic keys of life,
 Of death, and of the spirit land;
 All things in heaven and earth are Thine,
 All forces wait at Thy command.

The sheep upon a thousand hills,
 The silver and the gold are Thine,
 The wonders of the sea and sky
 Contribute to Thy great design.

Thou know'st the yearning of my heart;
 Oft hast Thou heard my anxious cry;
 Lord, in Thy mercy make me glad,
 Bring Thou the distant blessing nigh.

Then shall I know, as in the past,
 Thy loving hand is on me still;
 Grant Thou my prayer; and with it strength
 Through all my days to do Thy will.

EASTER HYMN

Sandon

Hail conquering King! Who from the grave arose
 On Easter morn,
 To wear henceforth a crown of glory bright,
 And not of thorn;
 Grant me Thy grace that I may conquer too,
 And do the works that Thou wouldst have me do.
 Lord, give me strength whene'er I turn to Thee
 In prayer each day,
 That I may neither falter, fail, nor yield,
 Nor go astray;
 And should my courage fail, then to me send
 Some angel spirit, or some human friend.
 By doing deeds of gentleness and love
 Whene'er I can,
 Help me each day to add my humble part
 To Thy great plan;
 Help me to smile or sing some cheerful song,
 To speak kind words and help the world along.
 Then, when at last the cloudless morn shall come
 To end the strife,
 May I be found with those who nobly win
 The crown of life;
 Then may I see the land now far away,
 And greet my King on that blest Easter day.

EASTER COMMUNION HYMN

Rutherford

Our Easter Day is ending!
 With Thee, our risen Lord,
 We meet around Thy table,
 According to Thy word—
 'Behold My body broken;
 I give My all for thee!
 Do this whene'er ye gather,
 In memory of Me.'
 At this Thy table kneeling
 In deep humility,
 Lord, grant us grace to serve Thee
 In true fidelity;
 O make us Thine for ever,
 Accounting all things loss
 That lead us not with gladness
 To glory in Thy cross.
 Lord, if we bow before Thee
 With thoughts of sin and shame,
 Grant us true absolution;
 Thy penitents reclaim.
 May we no more forget Thee,
 Or wander from Thy way;
 Reveal Thy great salvation
 To us, this Easter day.

For this Thy house, we praise Thee;
 Our fond affections twine,
 Sweet memories ever linger
 Around this sacred shrine;
 We pray for all who gather
 To listen to Thy word;
 For converts here beginning
 To serve their King and Lord.

Low on the west horizon
 The daylight fades away;
 Soon o'er the eastern mountains
 Will dawn another day.
 Thus days and years are passing,
 And life is fleeting fast;
 Lord, guide us on our journey,
 And bring us home at last.

CONSECRATION PRAYER

'Pax tecum'

Eternal Friend! Thy blessing we entreat;
 Behold us kneeling humbly at Thy feet.

We come with grateful hearts, that we may bring
 Our gold, our myrrh, our incense to our King.

Take Thou our gifts; we cannot offer less;
 Wilt Thou receive—and in receiving bless?

Our lives this day we consecrate to Thee;
 Thy true disciples evermore to be.

Whene'er the flesh is weak, the tempter nigh,
 Thyself reveal—the Strong One standing by.

Lord, cleanse our thoughts from every stain of sin;
 Grant us Thy peace and purity within.

When morning dawns, one blessing we would ask:
 Thee to discern in every common task.

If great the stress in noontide's busy hour,
 Our strength renew by Thine almighty power.

When day's last gleam fades in the distant west,
 Grant us Thy love in that sweet hour of rest.

Should sorrows come, Lord, hear us when we pray
 For loved ones near, or dear ones far away.

Then, when at last life's closing hour has come,
 Receive us, Lord, to Thine eternal home.

CONSECRATION PRAYER

Stephanos

Jesus, I in glad surrender
 Give myself to Thee;
 Lord, henceforth Thy true disciple
 I would be.

In this hour of consecration
 Take me by the hand;
 Give me strength each day to follow
 Thy command.

When the days are dark and dreary,
 When the foe is nigh,
 May Thy guiding star shine o'er me
 From the sky.

If in any time of weakness
 I do something wrong,
 Then in mercy, Lord, forgive me,
 Make me strong.

Should my heart be sad and lonely,
 Loved ones far away;
 Comfort me with Thy sweet promise:
 'Thou wilt stay'.

Give me work to do for others,
 Broken hearts to bind;
 Give me gentleness, and patience;
 Make me kind.

Grant me faith which never falters;
 Hope for things above;
 Fill my heart with quiet courage,
 And with love.

When my task on earth is ended,
 When my life is past,
 Gather me with all my dear ones
 Home at last.

REUNION HYMN

Irene

Gracious Master! at Thy feet,
We within Thy temple meet,
Once again each other greet
On this holy day.

As we met in other years,
When we shared life's hopes and fears,
Days of gladness, days of tears,
So we meet today.

Some we love have passed away,
To the realms of endless day,
We a little longer stay,
In Thy church below.

Though life's ever-ebbing tide
Friend from friend may oft divide
Precious memories will abide,
In our hearts for aye.

Lead us all along life's ways,
Stay Thou with us through the days,
Till we meet Thy name to praise
In our home above.

Soon will fade the setting sun,
Soon the day of life be done,
Soon the crown of glory won—
Life for evermore.

I REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

Psalm cxliii. 5

Artavia

And are we yet alive, to meet again,
As we together met in days gone by?
To speak once more of pleasant hours we passed,
Beneath the sunlit sky.

In years long past we sang the same sweet song,
Oft joined in common prayer and gladsome praise;
In fellowship and love our hearts rejoiced
Through all the happy days.

In the still evening when the day was done,
We read together in the sacred word
That old, old story, old—yet ever new,
Of our beloved Lord.

Around the table at the sacred feast,
The bread, the wine, the cruel cross of shame,
Oft led our humbled hearts to own anew
The great Redeemer's name.

Still on we journey down life's road of years;
And though sometimes our hearts are sad and lone,
We'll meet at last, with friends of other days,
Where parting is unknown.

'THY KINGDOM COME'

Durham

Dear Master! I would heed
The counsel of Thy word;
And, in my daily tasks, seek first
The kingdom of the Lord.

Help me to sow the seed
Broadcast on fruitful soil;
That Thy great kingdom may appear
In answer to my toil.

If in the field I dig
Some treasure from the clod,
May I surrender all—to gain
The kingdom of my God.

When in the depths I find
Some pearl of nobler worth,
Help me to use it to enrich
Thy kingdom, Lord, on earth.

Whene'er 'tis mine to know
The thrill of human love,
With this rich gift may I increase
The kingdom from above.

As through life's changeful ways
I journey towards my home,
Be this my prayer, my hope, my aim,—
'Lord, may Thy kingdom come!'

MAGNA ET MIRABILIA SUNT OPERA
TUA DOMINE DEUS OMNIPOTENS*Winchester New*

Eternal God! Thy matchless power
Through all creation's realms displayed,
In twice ten thousand forms appears
Among the creatures Thou hast made.

The thrilling harmonies of sound,
The marvels of the realms of light,
The planets on their silent way,
Fill us, Thy children, with delight.

The treasures hid in winter's snow,
The mysteries of the frozen hail,
The solitude of mountain peaks,
Life's breath in every fertile vale:

All these proclaim Thy matchless skill;
O wondrous God!—ere time began
Thy wisdom filled the vast abyss
With riches for Thy creature, Man.

The wonders of the unseen air,
The splendours of the rolling sea,
The burning suns of boundless space,
All speak of Thine immensity.

The beams of light transmit Thy speech
From regions far beyond our ken;
The flaming stars proclaim Thy power,
And fill with awe the minds of men.

The winds are messengers for Thee,
Sustaining life in herb and man;
The flames of fire Thy servants are,
To perfect Thy creative plan:

Vast are Thy works and numberless;
Lord God Almighty, great art Thou!
In wonder and amazement lost,
We humbly in Thy presence bow.

THE UNIVERSAL HARVEST

St. Agnes

We thank Thee, Lord, in this our harvest feast,
For that undying love, which through all years,
Unchanged by time's swift flight, on earth appears
In rich supplies of food for man and beast.

From many a fragrant garden far away,
Thou sendest gifts our human lives to bless;
Sweet flowers and fruits, so rich and numberless;
Hear then, O Lord, our harvest song today.

We thank Thee, too, for those who seek and find
The treasures hid in earth, and air, and sea;
For knowledge which shall make Thy people free;
We thank Thee for the harvest of the mind.

For books, our grateful hearts in praise unite;
For schools of learning, teachers true and wise,
For bards, for sages, men who soar the skies,
Or sail the seas, or scale the mountain's height.

We thank Thee for the harvest men may reap
From seed once sown by martyrs, saints and seers,
By toilers through the dim and distant years;
Which blooms unharmed by winter's chilling sleep.

We reap today where other men have sown
Through toilsome centuries, oft in pain and tears,
The greater freedom of the coming years,
The blessings of an age beyond their own.

We thank Thee that we reap for evermore
As we have sown, in word or kindly deed;
Each loving thought or act a living seed,
To ripen on the far eternal shore.

PRAYER

Agnus Dei

The harvest, as in days of old,
 Ungathered, waits the reaper's hand;
 Help me, O Lord, to work for Thee,
 And honour Thy command.

In many forms of loving toil,
 My hands may ever active be;
 Help me to sow, that I may reap
 Some golden sheaves for Thee.

If I refuse my brother man,
 Whene'er his need appeals to me,
 May I recall that solemn word;
 'I do it not to Thee.'

When to the plough I put my hand,
 Though cold may blow the wintry gale;
 O may I never backward look,
 Or like a coward fail!

And when Thy church shall ask of me
 The service of my hand, or heart,
 Then, in Thy mercy, grant me grace
 To choose the better part.

Though steep and rugged be the way,
 My mission—may it ever be
 To help and bless my fellow men,
 And all things do for Thee.

'My frame was not hidden from Thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see mine imperfect substance, and in Thy book were all my members written, which day by day were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.'—Psalm cxxxix. 15, 16

Newcastle

O wondrous Life! in ages dim,
 Far down the ways of time,
 Thy breath, O God, upon the earth
 Gave to the living creature birth
 In mystery sublime.

In ancient seas, a myriad forms
 Arose to own Thy sway;
 On earth the lowly creeping thing;
 Above, the bird on restless wing
 Soared up to greet the day.

And, as the ages onward rolled,
 Earth newer forms displayed,
 To roam within the forest deep,
 Or on some ocean bed to sleep
 Through the primeval shade.

When man appeared with God-like mind,
 Thy noblest work was done;
 His eagle eye beheld afar
 The splendour of the trembling star,
 And gazed upon the sun.

Redeemed by Him who dwelt beside
 The Galilean sea,
 Man leaves the long ascent behind,
 And hastens on that he may find
 The glory yet to be.

O wondrous Life! O living Soul!
 O Breath inbreathed of Thee!
 Still rising towards the distant goal,
 Where Thou wilt make creation whole,
 In Thine eternity.

'THE HARVEST IS PLENTEOUS, BUT
 THE LABOURERS ARE FEW'

Luke x. 2

Triumph

Father, friend of every nation,
 We Thy holy name implore;
 Send forth labourers, we beseech Thee,
 Bid them pass the waters o'er;

'Till Thy servants
 Spread Thy truth to every shore.

Weary men in crowded city,
 Dwellers on the lonely moor,
 Rich and great in stately mansion,
 Halt, and blind, and sick, and poor,

All need Jesus:
 He our sins and sorrows bore.

Slaves still toil as hopeless captives,
 Strangers yet to liberty;
 Tell them—that the great Redeemer
 Died for all on Calvary's tree;

Out of pity
 Spread the truth which sets men free.

Self-imprisoned souls, and blinded,
 Linger long in error's night,
 Preach to them the great salvation,
 Tell them of the world's true Light!

Lead them upward
 Into peace, and truth, and right.

Scoffers by the great St. Lawrence,
 Pagans by the Ganges' tide,
 Heathen tribes of far-off islands;
 'Twas for such the Saviour died:

Send the gospel
 O'er the land and ocean wide.

Publish far and wide the story,
 Unto earth's remotest land;
 To each tongue, and tribe, and nation,
 Send the apostolic band;

Preach the gospel!
 'Tis the Saviour's own command.

THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE

Melcombe

Great God of love! on this glad day,
 With grateful hearts to Thee we yield
 Our humble thanks for those returned
 From perils of the battlefield.

Through many anxious days of dread,
 In words, in tears, in lonely sigh,
 When men's hearts quailed, and women wept,
 Oft rose to Thee our earnest cry

For those who daily fought with death
 In ghastly forms, in lands afar:
 While wives and mothers feared to read
 Each message from the field of war.

Whene'er we called to Thee in prayer,
 The lamp of love more brightly burned;
 Now faith and love together meet
 In gratitude for those returned.

Yet others still their country serve,
 And meet not with us as we pray;
 Lord, grant that some rich gift of Thine
 May reach them on this joyous day.

If some we loved in other days
 Are fallen, and return no more,
 Still lingers that unfading hope
 Of meeting on the distant shore.

In far-off graves our deathless dead
 Sleep calmly 'neath the flowery sod:
 Yet dust alone lies buried there:
 Their hero souls are safe with God.

May that new age upon us dawn,
 When each shall seek another's good;
 And all mankind together live
 In bonds of peace and brotherhood.

EVENING HYMN

Russia

God of the universe! Great King eternal,
 Glorious in majesty, mighty in power,
 Open our minds to the vision supernal,
 Grant us Thy peace in the still evening hour.

Give to the toiling ones strength for their labours;
 Grant to the weary the rest they have won;
 Teach us the lesson that all men are neighbours,
 All men are brothers, and all should be one.

God bless the absent ones far on the ocean;
 Friends widely severed by land or by sea;
 Shield them and save them in storms or commotion,
 Grant they may ever find succour in Thee.

God of our Fatherland! all hearts awaken,
 Master and servant, the high and the low;
 Till we rejoice in all error forsaken—
 Till both Thy truth and its freedom we know.

PRAYER

*'The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are
 absent one from another.'*—Gen. xxxi. 49.

Whitburn

Eternal God! unfailing Friend!
 Who art through endless years the same;
 Revive within our hearts today
 The heavenly light, the sacred flame.

Great Friend unseen, yet ever nigh!
 May Thy calm peace fill every heart;
 With us abide through all our days,
 Though we from one another part.

When years have passed, and changes come,
 And some we love are far away;
 Lord, grant that we may not forget
 The blessings of this happy day.

CANTIQUE DU SOIR

Pax Dei

To Thee, O Lord, may this our hymn ascend;
 This evening fragrance offer we to Thee;
 And that this day may with Thy blessing close,
 We lowly bow in deep humility.

The night comes on; a sweet refreshing dew
 Revives the earth as wanes the heat of day;
 Grant Saviour too, that our exhausted souls,
 In Thy great love may richer life display.

O God of Jacob, Thou who sleepest not,
 Drive from us now the fear of days unknown;
 And on our hearts throughout the shades of night,
 May nought repose save Thy strong hand alone.

Destroy in us all things that do offend;
 Blot out each fault—each sin Thou dost discern;
 Grant us Thy peace with innocence again,
 That we may ready be for Thy return.

*Translated from the French:**(Cantiques Populaires, No. 254)*

EVENSONG

Tallis' Canon

The evening star
 Lights up the sky;
 Night gathers round,
 But Thou art nigh.
 Eternal friend,
 While all things sleep,
 In holy love
 Thy servant keep.

The day now past,
 Thou gavest me;
 I yield it back
 O Lord to Thee;
 To do Thy will
 My hands have sought,
 And blessings rich
 The day has brought.

When glows the dawn
 Of coming day,
 Dear Lord, go with me
 On my way.
 'Till life's last hour
 When I depart,
 Dwell Thou for ever
 In my heart.

*Translated from the French,
 'Prière du Soir.'*

VESPER PRAYER

Hursley

O Saviour Christ, our day is done;
 May Thy calm peace fill every heart;
 Thyself abide, our unseen Friend,
 Though we from one another part.

When life's brief day at last is o'er,
 Its joyous hours, its parting pain,
 Lord, may we reach that heavenly land
 Where we shall never part again.

COMPLINE

North Coates

Evensong is ended,
 Daylight fades away,
 Shades of evening gather,
 Dies the holy day:

Lord, Thy parting blessing
 Humbly we implore:
 Stay with us, and keep us
 Safe for evermore.

VI

LETTERS

NOTE.—*The following extracts are all from letters written to me during the years 1927–1935. They are placed in chronological order.*

23rd October, 1927.

As the stream of time rolls on I find that I increasingly share the view of my old and valued friend Mr. Thos. Whitehead of Melbourne, Australia, that it is scarcely worth while to forward a packet of paper half-way across the world, merely to convey conventional generalities, or the story of a host of little local nothings. It may be an ideal never to be realized in practice, but it would afford a measure of satisfaction, if I could indulge the hope, that when the Indian mail leaves our island coasts, it carries something of value to you in the great land of your voluntary exile. . . .

It would be *tout à fait* an irrelevant conclusion to assume, even for a moment, that there is in my mind any intention to ignore the thousand and one mundane and trivial episodes which together make up so much of life's experience. To restrict one's attention to the giant suns, and to ignore the molecule, would indeed be a mistaken philosophy. Instinctively we feel that Keble was right:

The *trivial* round, the *common* task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask;
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

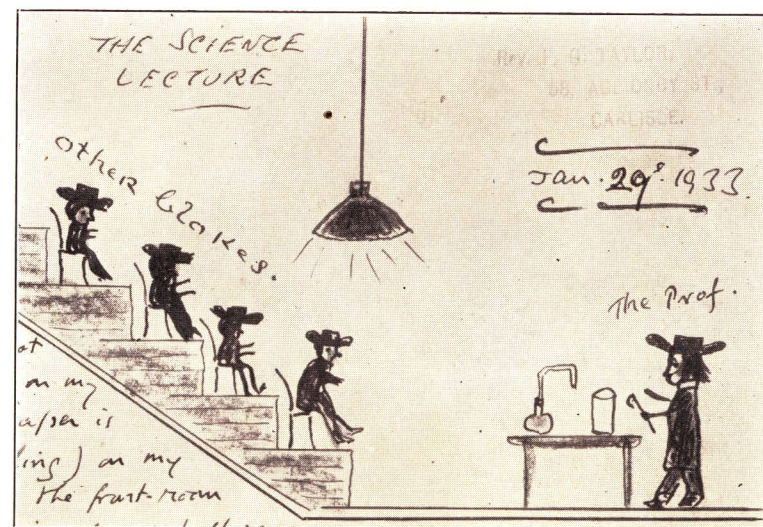
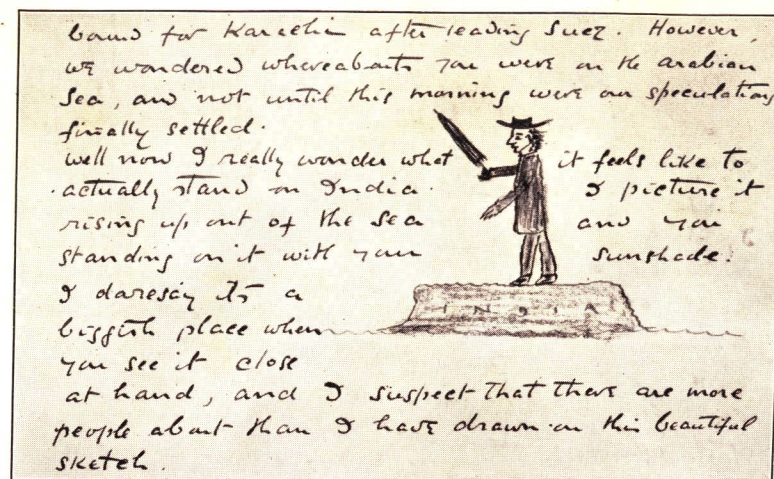
Certainly I hope that *my* letters—and *yours*—will contain many illuminating references to the common task, the routine duties of the common day; its work, its play. I would even go further. There is a love of fun which is perfectly innocuous, and a play upon words which even the grave apostles enjoyed. In literature the *Ingoldsby Legends* have a claim to shelf room as well as Emerson's *Essays* or Carlyle's *French Revolution*. There is an element of wit in the day's round as well as of wisdom. . . . My friend Whitehead would agree with me in all this. We neither of us view with any air of superiority the grey road with its tramping myriads of pilgrims. But—

Two men looked out through prison bars,
The one saw mud, the other stars

That's the point. The 'profanum vulgus' see the mud, gather the mud, in their letters write about the mud. Why should we not interest ourselves in the countless stars? Why should we not as a general rule, write about the big things? Ah! down there on the old grey road there are big things. Flaxman saw them in the slums of London; J. F. Millet saw them in the hovels of the Norman peasants; the Carpenter saw them in the narrow lanes of Nazareth; St. Francis in the bare cells of his monastery. Daily deeds of heroism are wrought in many a hidden corner; love reigns as king in many an unpretentious cottage; and battles are daily fought and won by people whose breasts will never bear the Victoria Cross. Yet how easy to fill a letter, or a newspaper, with the recital of a score of little nothings that do not count—ephemera that vanish with the sunset—when there is so much that is splendid and great and abiding.

7th December, 1927.

Another very curious but common experience, at least to we older folk, is made up of the strange blending of pleasure and pain, gain and loss, rejoicing and sorrowing, in connection with certain experiences. For instance, glad beyond measure as you must have been to reach your destination, and to turn your back upon the ship, I think I can see you as you crossed the landing stage, pausing, turning, looking back for one more glimpse of the vessel, and that not without emotion and something akin to affection. With all your eagerness to go ashore, you could scarcely bid good-bye to a ship which for three weeks had been your home, which had transported you safely through many seas, which had carried you through many novel and interesting scenes, and which had transferred you over six thousand miles to the scene of your life's work, without some stirring of the heart and brain. . . . Towards both the animate and the inanimate, something akin to gratitude is due, in so far as these have played a part in the fulfilment of life's purposes. Are we to cherish no recollections of the ladder by which we reached the heights? Are we never to revisit our *Alma Mater*? Are we never to wander through the days of long ago? Are we unconcerned about a machine that has carried us from continent to continent?



AMUSING SKETCHES FROM
THE LETTERS

7th December, 1927.

We cannot see the pattern of our lives during the weaving process. . . . Still is it as of old, the deep things of Providence are past finding out. The snapping of a twig, the missing of a train, a chance meeting with a stranger, and life is never the same again. To think that we are the victims of fortuitous movements among the atoms, the children of blind fate, sentient creatures tossed up by the waves of time, would be horrible. Such a creed would afford little joy to our human hearts. But to believe that behind it all lies unerring wisdom, and what is more, unchanging love, is not only comforting, but is sane, rational and satisfying.

22nd December, 1927.

The Genesis narrative of creation unhesitatingly affirms that man was intended to be the 'Dóminus'—or Lord of Creation—and to have—'*dominion over all the earth.*' The word 'dominion' is none too strong for the Hebrew *radah*, which means to conquer, to subdue, to have mastery over, to rule, to prevail against. By and by, in a wiser age, in the days to which John Addington Symonds looked forward, when fools will no longer design ever more hellish . . . instruments for blowing one another into eternity, and war is regarded as a relic of a rude, ignorant, and barbarous age, great wonders will be wrought. . . . There is little doubt but that the clouds are in part not the product of a beneficent natural law, but the consequence of man's ignorance, selfishness, and abysmal folly. The 'London Particular' of pea-soup density, is a nightmare created by man's incredible waste of fuel, of his smoke, his sulphur, his sulphuric acid, his dust, and all the other many and varied ingredients of the endless stream of abomination he lets loose into the atmosphere. The white country mist which vanishes with the returning sun, is of another world. And as man builds a monstrous city, compared to which Babylon was a mere village, so does he cover his city and its inhabitants with an impenetrable pall of poison gases, and with tons upon tons of unburnt particles of valuable fuel. What happens in man's proud metropolis, happens to some extent all over these islands. From countless shafts pour forth the solid particles. From the surrounding seas comes a plentiful moisture. Around each particle the vapour condenses, with the result that for months on end the sunshine is shut out. . . . Should anyone ask me—'Do you think this endless darkness, this cheerless

gloom, these terrible clouds, this prevailing illness, is due to man's sin?' I should give an almost unqualified answer—'I do.' For there are sins of *omission* and of *commission*. If Holland neglects her dykes her country is inundated. . . . And because we neglect as a people to prohibit the enormous waste of fuel, to prohibit smoke, and to take reasonable precautions, we suffer.

21st January, 1928.

I am in love with the Presbyterians. Last Thursday we held our annual United Communion Service at St. Paul's Church. It was a most orderly, dignified, inspiring, quiet, reverent and helpful service. No blare of trumpets on the organ, but quiet, dreamy harmonies filling the air, as though stealing in upon us from the mystic east. I was tremendously touched by the soft organ music. The Presbyterian order of service also was very beautiful,—simplicity mingled with a quiet dignity. We sang one of the old Scottish metrical psalms, and a few communion hymns. The officiating ministers wore their gowns and bands, and what impressed me very much was this,—that the eight officiating elders who distributed the sacred elements were all attired in black morning coats, white fronts, and a neat and clean white bow. Trifles perhaps, but did not M. Angelo say—'Trifles make perfection.' To me at any rate the attention to order and decorum lifted the service to a high level. Rev. Jenkyn Jones of Mile End Presbyterian Church delivered a chaste and beautiful address in choice and almost poetical English. Like all else, the address was very quietly delivered. The whole was a time of calm, of peace, a still evening hour. We were among the silences of the great hills of God. Yes, I am in love with the Presbyterian Church.

21st January, 1928.

Saturday was my birthday. I was 60, and I remember that when I was a boy I always regarded a man of 60 as VERY, VERY OLD. And when folk ask—'Who's that old gentleman who passed?' or when they pray in the prayer meeting—'Lord! Bless thine aged servant',—it does make one begin to think. It's a curious business, this passing the 60th milestone,—as curious as passing Port Said. In many ways one feels to be about 25 or 30—quite a kid in fact. Life is still full of interest, a thousand voices still are calling. . . . I can still enjoy a romp with the youngsters, play Jolly Miller, enjoy a good chemical stink, and grow excited over a spark from a Leyden Jar. It's still good to be

alive. Nevertheless that 60th milestone is there right enough. And after dinner a 30 minutes siesta seems almost a necessity—especially these dark and sunless days.

31st January, 1928.

For three hours yesterday a strange, unfamiliar light appeared in the sky. From a study of the *Nautical Almanac*, plus a consultation of Doomsday Book and some ancient Chaldean records which record a similar phenomenon in the year 2617 B.C., I concluded that the celestial body was probably the sun. It has been visible for an hour this morning, and by comparing the shape and appearance with some diagrams in an astronomical work, I feel sure it really is the sun. Indeed it is said that some of the oldest inhabitants are sure of this, they having in their youthful days seen the sun. What a lot of children there must be who have never seen—a golden sovereign, a high bicycle, a sailing ship, a stage coach, a rushlight, a flint and steel, a dodo, a horse-bus, or the SUN. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*—as a Latin Father hath it. Yes! to day the sun shines; I feel sure it is the long-lost sun. *Eureka*!!!!!!

12th March, 1928.

You speak of time passing swiftly: it does. But for all that it looks a long time as one thinks of Christmas 1932. And many things happen in that time, many changes are wrought. Life as we know it today will not be the same then; the world of today will have passed away. The scenery on life's big stage will have been shifted, and the actors will have vacated the theatre and others taken their places. What summers and winters must come and go before you step ashore on Liverpool landing stage. To you also will doubtless come many a strange experience, many an unexpected event, and perhaps many a trial of faith and patience. We trust that we shall all be spared in health and strength to meet again around the home fireside.

3rd April, 1928.

The great event of this last week was of course the Boat Race. Oxford men—always tender-hearted and unwilling to disappoint their opponents—graciously allowed the Cantabs to win by ten lengths. What a noble, generous, magnanimous act of grace and chivalry! Some crews would have thought only of self, and would have pulled ahead—leaving the poor Cantabs to sorrow and grieve far in the

rear. Not so Oxford. From the very start they permitted Cantab to go ahead, and by the time Hammersmith was reached the Oxford generosity was apparent to all. However, next year, being the centenary year, we—that is Oxon.—are going to win, just for appearances sake. So next time you may put your rupee on the Dark Blues.

23rd April, 1928.

It was just six months last Saturday since you left us. It seems more like six years, possibly all the more so because of the extraordinarily dreary and depressing winter. It has been a dark, cheerless, sunless time, and still is. On Saturday night with the snow falling outside and a chilly wind even invading the house, we put the clocks forward to 'summer time.' What irony! We should be very glad of some of your heat, and you are welcome to all our cold if you can get it blown across the seas.

22nd May, 1928.

You remember Miss Parsons? She is a dear soul, and it's her LXX Birthday Fête next Saturday. So I've written this acrostic for her—

Elizabeth!—great name of royal line,
Lady beloved, all queenly joys be thine!
In friendship's sacred name would we present
Some simple word, some birthday compliment,
As once again returns your natal day,
Bringing to mem'ry scenes long passed away.
Enriched with treasures both in heart and mind,
Though three score years and ten now lie behind,
How blest the hope, that coming years—though fleet—
Perchance will lay new treasures at your feet;
All through the length of days may there be given
Riches divine,—choice gifts of earth and heaven.
So onwards toward the evening of your life,
O'er many a flowery path, remote from strife,
Neath skies of blue, may peace, and joy, and love,
Shed foretastes of the Home, sweet Home above.

11th August, 1928.

(After a holiday in Paris)

Here I am as you will perceive, back once more in my own particular 'den' that you remember so well. . . . There is nothing out of the ordinary—save that picture postcards and the odds and ends of

recent travel lie about the room, and that within one's brain there still lingers something of the whirl and din of great cities, a measure of fatigue, and a wealth of imperishable memories of sunny skies, burning suns, brilliant flowers, golden harvests, mighty forests, peaceful rivers, majestic buildings, and, if it is not too much of an anticlimax to say so, memories—refreshing memories—of delicious iced drinks sipped through a straw, beneath the majestic trees which once sheltered the proud heads of Bourbon Kings, and the ancient nobility of France. Yes! we are home again; home after traversing a thousand miles of land and sea; home after being shadowed by accident and sudden death a hundred times in the perilous streets of Paris, whose every crossing is a gamble with 'La Mort', and every twist and turn a pathway either to the hospital or the cemetery. We are home again from a land where the heat was tropical, where 90° F. was a daily experience. . . . But here we are at home, and the same instrument now on the desk as I write marks 69°, and the room feels decidedly chilly. Still, home is home, even if as today, and on so many days, our northern skies are covered with grey clouds, and cooler breezes blow upon us. We are not unmindful of the Providence that has preserved our going out and our coming in, and brought us back again from our wanderings with nothing more serious than tired feet and sunburnt faces.

11th August, 1928.

I have referred to the perils of the Paris streets. They are indeed very real. Cars going at a terrific speed swoop down upon you from everywhere, and cut in and out in all directions. Old Paris, like old London, is alas no more! Forty, thirty, twenty years ago both cities were comparatively quiet. Horses were everywhere, and rubber tyres had been introduced. Now it is an endless, infernal, diabolical rattle of machinery. Some day sanity and civilization will doubtless rebel against all the racket and din, an unnatural and unwholesome excrescence of a mechanical age.

17th November, 1928.

I realize that one can no more write a letter by any mechanical plan, than one can write a poem, preach a sermon, or paint a picture. Each must be the product of inspiration; like steam, the result of heat; an overflow of vital energy. Prayers, songs, poems, sermons, pictures, unless they proceed from the natural overflow of the

emotions, are liable to be tasteless and useless, and it seems to me that letters are in the same category. There are times when my pen rushes my fingers along the paper, and when it requires all one's wits to keep up the ink supply. There are other times when the pen has to be pushed—pushed hard—to make it go.

17th November, 1928.

I spent the day at Middlesboro', at Methodist Union Area Committee Meetings. . . . I came home quite fagged, and went early to bed. I don't like this sort of thing, but one has to learn that at 60 one cannot do exactly what one did at 20, or even 40. And all this reminds one of the passing years. . . . Only yesterday you were dreaming dreams of the coming of 'Old Santy', and planning to hang up your stockings in a conspicuous place, earnestly hoping that that beloved Saint would not lose during his adventurous passage down the chimney, any of the gifts destined for the sleeping kiddies in their snug little beds. And now I suppose the dear old Santy of long ago has given place to bigger dreams and greater experiences. Man and child each have their happy experiences, who shall say which is the richer? At any rate those days are gone; nevertheless precious memories for ever abide.

I do not suppose that memories, i.e. reminiscences, appeal to you very strongly as yet. You are too near to the experiences themselves. But as years pass by, and Father Time gathers in his harvest, the precious recollections of other years attain an importance and a value hitherto undiscerned and unknown. And when too, not only the scenes, but the actors—the *dramatis personae*—also pass away, and the old cottage is pulled down, and the old green lane becomes a busy street, and a new heaven and a new earth appear—then memory functions, and one clings strenuously to the mental visions of other times in other years.

It seems to have been so away back in the days of the Hebrew prophet Joel: 'Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams'—and the latter at any rate seem to originate in the memories of the past. . . . I have reached the period of dreams. Every Christmas I think of your childhood, and the two faded plaster-of-paris 'Santy' images are produced and set out—like household gods upon the shelf. It would scarcely, I think, seem Christmas to me without those images,—at least I should miss them

terribly. I do not worship them any more than the Timbuctoo aboriginal worships his grotesque idol, or the devout Anglo-Catholic his crucifix. But the images, the idol, and the cross have their values:

A man that looks on glass,
On IT may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
AND THEN—the heaven espy.

So sang the quaint George Herbert early in the seventeenth century, before the modern science of Psychology was known. But how true it all is. Those chipped and faded household Teraphim of mine would scarcely fetch a copper in the Jumble Sale, but to me they are precious. And why? Ask George Herbert. Ask your Anglo-Catholic. Ask your pagan on the Ganges banks. Is it not because they are windows? Is it not because they are transparent? Is it not because one can see heaven on the other side?

Over my fireplace in my study hangs a crucifix. It might have cost sixpence at some shop. But one cannot state its value in that way. The pane in my window probably cost half-a-crown. But is that the value of it? Through it I gaze upon sun, moon and stars, trees and flowers, blue skies and passing clouds. Through it light comes into my room, and into my mind. I look not *at* the glass, but *through* it, and then the heaven espy. That is how I look through my crucifix, and through the Christmas images. Through the latter I see again the Christmas of long ago,—a Christmas when an orange was more to you than an interferometer, and a bus ticket more to George than all the wealth of London.

12th December, 1928.

Prospective subjects—

Christmas Day morning:

οὕτως γὰρ ἡγάπησεν ὁ θεὸς τὸν κόσμον, ὥστε τὸν υἱὸν αὐτοῦ τὸν μονογενῆ ἔδωκεν . . . and for December 30th evening:

'A purpose abandoned'

'Terah . . . went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and came to Haran and dwelt there' (Genesis xi. 31) and on January 6th—either an Epiphany topic as is most probable, or:

'A purpose fulfilled'

'Abraham and Lot went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came (Gen. xii. 5).

31st December, 1928.

To tell of your dreams, to unburden your mind, not only makes it much more likely that the visions will materialize, but is a healthier thing for the soul. Repressions are terribly damaging to the *ego*. To nurse a great trouble, to imprison a great joy, to bottle up a great hope—for some reason or other works havoc in the *ego*. To throw open the doors, to confess a sin, to unburden the mind of a trouble, to share a joy, to tell some confidential friend of a hope—is a very *sine qua non* of life and salvation. Even in the days before Psychology the Roman Catholic Fathers were wise psychologists, and wise in practical psychotherapy when they instituted the confessional. Many a soul has been saved in a Roman confessional. The pent-up poisons have been released and exorcized, and the patient has recovered.

21st January, 1929.

Sixty-one years ago today (so they say) a lusty infant yell rang out at the house No. 22 in Abingdon Street, Northampton. . . . It seems a long time ago—that first birthday fête. . . . No racket of machinery filled our city streets, transforming London into a Bedlam, and Paris into an inferno. No aeroplanes buzzed overhead, and no wireless disturbed the ether. That nice quiet old world we have left far behind, and I am not convinced that the change has all been gain. There was something to be said for the world of turnip lanterns and leisurely pony carts. There were certainly treasures belonging to those days which are quite unknown to the present generation.

29th January, 1929.

Outdoors the snow is falling. On the white ground a dozen hardy birds of divers tribes await their morning feed, but alas! it's only crumbs, for we had no bacon for breakfast this morning. 'Old Joe', a shrewd-eyed sparrow who perches on the same twig every morning, and has done so for weeks, looks quite grieved. He evidently thought it was a 'bacon' morning, when tasty morsels of fat and skin are cast forth. 'Old Joe' seems to act as 'sentry go' and 'look-out-man' to the bird fraternity. He whistles them all up when the crumbs are thrown out, and seems to say in the bird 'parlez vous'—'Now chaps, all at it, no cats about, get a move on.' But this morning 'Old Joe' sits on his twig amidst the snow and looks grieved. It isn't the bacon morning. . . .

26th February, 1929.

The trouble as I see it is—that today there is a perfect mania for sport. Men not only shirk the examination, and all reading, they demand that Sunday also be given to the same end. In season and out of season, sport, games, pleasures. Some speak of its ennobling effects upon the character; its sequences in a healthy mind, and a full manhood. So high and so glorious, according to many, are the results obtained, that we can well afford to abolish Christian worship, Church Services, and reverence for the *Dies Dominica*. And when outdoor sports end, dancing, whist, jazz, begin. These develop (they say) the social qualities, and make life an harmonious whole.

Unhappily the popular theory does not work well in practice. There is no evidence that 'VOX POPULI EST VOX DEI'. If I mistake not, it is far more likely to be 'VOX DIABOLI'. The decadence of ancient Rome, preceding the fall of the Empire, is everywhere in England today. The almost universal indifference to great causes, so characteristic of Wesley's day, is a growing feature in our life of today. Ten thousand will gladly tramp through the snow to watch a match, to ten who take an intelligent interest in any cause for the redemption of mankind from poverty, disease, ignorance and sin. Dancing saloons, pubs, horse races, theatres, sports, etc., etc., can carry on during the worst of times; churches, hospitals, and all agencies for the relief of suffering, of orphans, of the victims of misfortune, find it increasingly hard to make ends meet. The state of public morals is notoriously low; divorce is as common as blackberries. Few have any interest in the things that make a nation great.

I only wish the intense devotion to sport and games *did* ennoble the character, and develop true manhood. But the evidence is lacking. . . . 'First things first'—isn't a bad slogan, and sport—in a well-ordered life—is not FIRST. The mind is the standard of the man, and the SOUL is the man. 'Seek first the kingdom'. . . and all other things will fall into their proper places.

6th March, 1929.

(Letter No. LXX)

LXX has a very familiar look about it. It carries me back across the intervening years to the days when I—a slim youth—burned midnight oil and smoked bad 'bacca as I swotted over my divinity studies. LXX is universally known as the usual sign for the Septuagint

—the version of the Old Testament in Greek carried out—so they say—by the 70 scribes on the island of Pharos. Each occupied a separate cell, but when the task was complete in 70 days—each had translated in exactly the same words and phrases. Modern critics make short shrift of the old story, the LXX however is still with us, and a copy of this great work is always within reach as I sit at my desk. A rum lot of fellows those old scholars must have been . . . their version bears evidences of the slacker, as it does in other places of the swot. Except to a bookworm or devotee it must have been far more pleasant to play ping pong beneath a palm tree, than to translate old Habbakuk—or rather Habbakuk and Zephaniah from Massoretic unpointed Hebrew—into the tongue of pagan Athens or Alexandria. However, with all their shortcomings the men of the LXX did a good work, and though they have increased the difficulties of biblical students, they have made sense of other passages. Long ago they departed . . . and of each we may say *Requiescat in pace*.

12th March, 1929.

Letter this week quite on the dot, i.e. at 7.45 Monday morning. Wonderful this postal system after all. You just drop the missive in your Grant Road box, and immediately it is rushed across the world for thousands of miles, and just on the dot it tumbles through the hole on to our door-mat. Solomon in all his glory, and Cræsus with all his wealth, could not command service like this.

12th March, 1929.

‘A Coffin in Egypt’ . . .

It struck me as being a suggestive theme for the occasion. The coffin spoke of death, of the end of things; the embalmed body—of hope, of the future. About 300 years lie between the end of Genesis and the beginning of Exodus, and during all that time Israel had a mummy and a hope. For three centuries that silent mummy preached its impressive message. It recalled to a forgetful people the great days of Joseph. It reminded them of human mortality. It reminded them of Faith,—a fact seized upon by the author of Heb. xi., where he points to the dying Joseph’s commandment ‘concerning his bones’ as a splendid instance of Faith. Further the ‘Coffin in Egypt’ suggested Patience. The centuries came and went, and nothing seemed to happen. Then there came a time when the bones of Joseph were lifted out of that coffin by the departing Israelites. For all the long

years—the three centuries or more—the coffin in Egypt was saying: ‘If the vision tarry, wait for it.’

16th April, 1929.

I have been familiar for many years with the stock arguments in favour of the *A.V.* They are quite antique, having been repeated of version after version ever since the days of St. Jerome. They still find favour with three classes of people:

- I. Those who fancy they enjoy the flavour of medieval English.
 - II. Those who are not very familiar with the history of the various versions.
 - III. Those who prefer literary rhythm to accuracy and truth.
- To which one might add—IV. Those who either read no Greek, or make little use of their knowledge. And indeed one might add—V. Those who are unacquainted with the recent Papyri.

The last named—especially those discovered at Oxyrynchus—strongly accentuate what has always been known, that the canonical books of the New Testament were written not in Attic Greek, but in the street language of the Hellenistic dialect. In classical, and especially in sixteenth century English, we lose this. . . .

For my part I prefer accuracy. Neither is there any reason why one should not have both, and beyond all question the *R.V.* is far ahead of *A.V.* in this. If it was a question of half a dozen passages, a teacher might explain that the version read must be taken to mean so and so. But seeing that the inaccuracies run into hundreds, that cannot be done. For the life of me I cannot see why, if the Received Greek Text means a certain thing, that meaning should not be given in the English translation. The man reading his Greek text, gets the meaning at once; why should the man who needs the truth in English be put off with a sixteenth century phrase, or, possibly as in hundreds of cases, with a totally incorrect rendering. Is there no beauty in twentieth century English, that one must needs go back to Elizabeth’s days? Is not Tennyson’s language as choice and as beautiful as Shakespeare’s? The *A.V.* is without doubt a truly magnificent aid to the study of our language, but it continues to be a serious obstacle to the spread of the truth.

It always seems to me dishonest to tell a congregation that Jesus said—‘Take no thought for the morrow’, and to know at the same

time that what He said was *μὴ οὖν μεριμνήσητε εἰς τὴν αὔριον*, which means something very different.

Or if St. Paul declares that the greatest thing is *ἡ ἀγάπη*, why substitute 'charity'—a thing many detest. And so for hundreds and hundreds of passages. It is well worth while to read the Revisers' preface to the 1611 version (not the horrible dedication to King Jim). From that preface it is abundantly clear that if those revisers had lived in our day when the great *MSS. A, B, C*, and others are available, they would not have pressed for antique phraseology, but Truth.

30th April, 1929.

Experience seems to bear unmistakable testimony, that when one follows the inner light, all is well, or as well as things can be in an imperfect world, and that when one rejects that mystic guidance things do not go so well. The Magi of the orient followed a 'star' that probably no others saw, and 'behold it came and stood over where the young child was.' For my part I'm greatly amused when I read the commentators yarning away about the Star of Bethlehem and discussing the probability of its being Jupiter, or Venus, or Sirius, or one of the *novae* which flash up suddenly in space. Even Sir W. Maunder is a fundamentalist in this, and in his 'Astronomy of the Bible' accepts with wooden literalness the Magi story, and stranger still—old father Jasher's folk song about the sun standing still. That ever-beautiful Christmas story of the Magi and the star is well worthy of the place it occupies in sacred literature, but could I be compelled to accept it with earthy literalness, and account for the star's erratic behaviour by mechanical and algebraical formulæ, the splendour would vanish. The Magi may or may not have been astronomers, I scarcely think they were, but they were poets, philosophers, men who saw visions and dreamed dreams. They saw the guiding star, not with the optic nerve, but with the soul. They saw it as thousands of other wise men have seen it, they saw it as Moses saw the bush—the desert—aglow with glory.

27th May, 1929.

There are some lessons the ordinary mortal never really learns, however good the school or college, until he has celebrated his 21st birthday. There are some lessons he rarely learns until he reaches 40—what Dante calls

'the midway of this our mortal life'.

And it seems to me that there are some lessons one just begins to learn at 60.

17th June, 1929.

Yesterday—10.45. *The end of the world*; 6 p.m. *Loving the unseen*. Both were in response to recent appeals for instruction and exegesis. The first was quite easy. In fact the solution of all 'End of the World' problems so far as the New Testament is concerned, lies ready to hand in the plain unmistakable words of the Greek text—what will be the *σημείον* of Thy *παρουσίας* and of the *συντελείας* of the *αἰῶνος*? (Matt. xxiv. 3). (By what indication shall we be able to recognize Thy presence, and the termination of the age?)

It is quite good having questions sent in—so long as they are sensible, and represent some real difficulty.

6th August, 1929.

Some recollections of the past are much easier to recall than are others. And curiously, among the memories which bob up into consciousness at the smallest provocation, are those of episodes and incidents which to say the least are small, trivial and unimportant. . . . Things of little intrinsic worth seem oftentimes to float on the surface—perhaps for the very reason that they are light.

It may be reasonable to recall the fact that twelve months ago last night we were crossing the English Channel. But without effort I also recall a similar experience exactly 40 years ago, on the occasion of my first visit to France. Equally unbidden comes the recollection of a Sunday school tea-fight on August bank holiday 42 years ago. . . . I still remember that tea and the games that followed, even the buying of two pennyworth of ripe gooseberries from an old lady who had a cottage garden.

22nd August, 1929.

On Monday we are playing a little game called 'The Good Samaritan'. The maid—Winnie—never gets a holiday far from home. So we are arranging for Winnie to join us on the Monday and have four days in bonnie Scotland. With her will come another girl about the same age, who through adverse circumstances has rather a hard time. . . . The two girls are up in the seventh heaven of delightful expectation. There is, too, a peculiar pleasure in giving a little

happiness to other folks. Last year—I don't think I mentioned this at the time—I gave two little Italian children, Antionette and Pepina, living near Paris, a month's holiday at a beautiful old chateau (now a holiday resort) near Rouen. It did not cost a great deal, about 25/- in our currency.

24th September, 1929.

More and more it seems desirable for the sake of accuracy to classify 'Time' among the rare elements. Unhasting but unrelenting my grandfather clock persists in ticking the hours away; even months and years take to themselves wings and fly away. This is doubtless the age of speed—387 miles per hour on the aeroplane—but old Father Time beats the lot. He at any rate needs no accelerator or lubricating oil. Thus it comes to pass that the ink is scarcely dry on my pen after writing your letter, than it is time for commencing the next. . . .

More and more in these days individual attention must be given. There are still some readers, thinkers, people—especially young people—with a healthy outlook upon life. They ask me all sorts of questions, some of which I respond to publicly. But others relate to individual studies, personal difficulties, and direction in reading and preparation. This is always interesting, but consumes time. Then—but why continue? Suffice it to say the 'days and weeks come and go, and always, something remains undone. The most serious thing is, there seems little time for consecutive reading. Fred gave me Streeter's *Reality* at Christmas, and it still stands on my shelf—unread.

3rd December, 1929.

Exactly 50 years ago this Christmas Day, a little chap of 11 years old sat over the Christmas fire in a lonely house, far from the tides of life, and the sounds of civilization, and listened with eager interest to the reading of that *Bogle* newly published only a few weeks earlier. And as I listen even half a century later to the reading of this simple tale, the earlier days come back to me. I hear once more the voice of her who read so long ago.

3rd December, 1929.

Someone has said, that wherever Nature grows a stinging nettle, she grows a healing dock leaf near to it. So also it happens that if Carlisle in the valley of the Eden is humid, the mountains are not far away. . . .

30th December, 1929.

Another year is dawning; a new chapter of one's life's tale is opening. One wonders what fresh experiences will be added to one's repertoire before the winter solstice of 1930. Every year brings its contribution; and to us 1930, being the year in which we sever old associations, and fly to pastures new, seems likely to add more contributions than usual. Every time it gets harder to break off relationships in one district, and start life afresh in another locality. I cannot say with Mr. Sankey:

'We long to leave these fading scenes
That glide so quickly by.'

I find myself clinging to them most tenaciously, and not at all inclined to let them go. Sometimes one sighs—O for a resting place, some place of peace and repose away from all this rush and turmoil and incessant change. Truly we dwell in tents as dwelt the nomadic patriarchs of Hebrew days, tents—fit symbols of a restless, wandering life. However, there it is, the *Tent* ever before us. Some day we may find rest in some unpretentious cottage standing in the midst of grassy meadows, where primroses bloom in the hedge-rows, and birds sing their carols; where the smell of petrol is not known, or the rattle and din of machinery heard. Or it may be that only in some remote churchyard will one find a place of repose beneath the leafy elms, or the shade of the yew tree branches. Perhaps however, this is scarcely the time for such reflections, although they do synchronize as it were with the dirge of the dying year.

17th September, 1930.

We keep looking for the time that never never comes, the time when free from all other tasks and distractions one can sit down to write, and write page after page *ad libitum*. There is always so much to say, and so little opportunity for saying it. And in the end one has to pen the commonplace chronicle of events, leaving the choicer things—the exchange of reflections, and the intercourse of minds—unwritten and unexpressed. We seem to live in a terribly mundane world. I know it's tautology and bad Latin to put it thus, but let that suffice, for it is indeed a worldly world that we seem to live in. Letters, sermons, pot-pies, custards, firewood, shaving brushes, seem to fill up one's existence—with an occasional song, a kiss, and the *Bogle* at Christmastide. *Sic est vita*.

7th October, 1930.

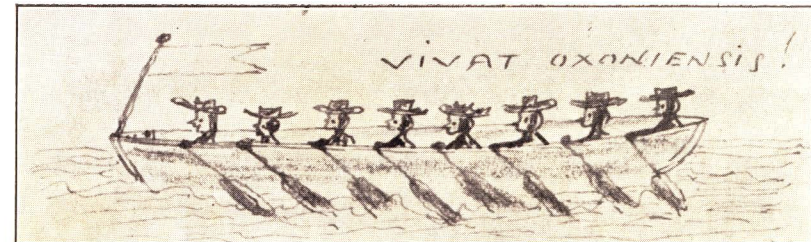
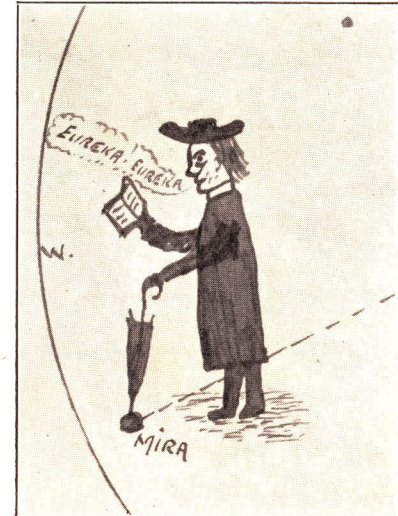
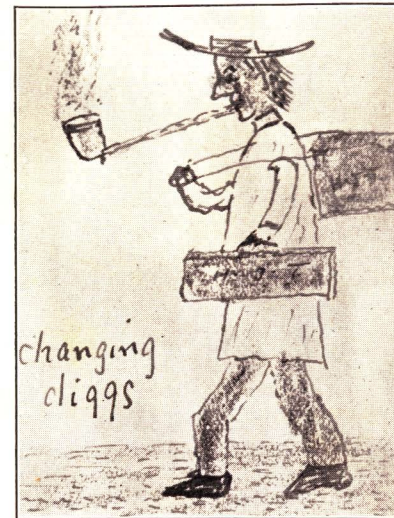
Of course we shall haul out the *Bogle* on Christmas Eve. We all look forward to the Christmas reunion when you will celebrate the feast with us, and when in addition to the *Bogle*, the *Black Book*, the *Mast Head*, and other classics, you will entertain us with tales of the orient lands, and your wanderings in three continents. I hope we shall all be spared in health and well-being to celebrate this long-awaited for feast.

29th December, 1930.

This has been a quiet but happy Christmas at the manse. Nothing has occurred to mar the peace, or cast a gloom over our doings. On the positive side much has happened to give us cause for thankfulness and gratitude. Our shelves and sideboard are laden with scores of greeting cards which have brought to us many a message of affection and good will, and recalled many a happy day in the bygone times. I used to hesitate in pronouncing a verdict favourable towards the convention of Christmas-card greetings. But I am now an out-and-out convert to the custom. I attach an extraordinary value to these inexpensive links which bind so many together with the golden cords of love. One cannot correspond—at least not often—with all those one has known and loved throughout the eventful years, but when Christmas comes round how delightful it is to find that distant ones are not forgotten. Then too we have received gifts of various kinds.

10th February, 1931.

As you suggest, your education, the 'finding out how', was costly; years of hard work and a heap of money. If you can now turn your knowledge into rupees, that is only as it should be. Of course there will always be occasions when *pro bono publico*, or as an act of grace for some deserving cause, you will give of your best without thought of material gain. But charity is not the negation of justice, and voluntary service does not conflict with sound economic principles. Indeed it is not always wise to cast one's pearls before swine. To fling one's hard-earned treasures at the ungrateful, is as great a sin as withholding bread from the hungry who *cannot* repay. We can all make ourselves too cheap. I plead guilty myself. You may do so much for folk that they take it as a matter of course. And it does them no good, but rather the reverse. Nineteenth century

AMUSING SKETCHES FROM
THE LETTERS

popular evangelists offered the crowd salvation 'without money and without price'. And today we are reaping the harvest of such mistaken enthusiasm. The higher attainments of the soul are no more reached by any cheap and easy credulity, than are the higher treasures of the mind. . . . Jesus did not picture the kingdom of heaven as a condition of life to be reached by any easy sun-lit path. It was only to be realized by the travail, the tears, the struggles of wearisome centuries. Yes, indiscriminate charity is not a good thing. To pay a dole without asking a return in work is demoralizing. And heaven is not to be won by the simple expedient of giving credence to a creed, or conforming to the orthodoxy of the present hour.

27th April, 1931.

That's a curious, contradictory, but common expression: 'OLD NEWS' . . .

We play strange tricks with that word 'New.' One may as a rule feel fairly safe in concluding that a thing described as new is pretty old. Newcastle was not built yesterday, neither were such places as Newbury, Newmarket . . . or even New Twopothouse or New Tupton. In Methodism the 'New Connection' is growing old. In Paris the oldest of the 32 bridges is the 'Pont Neuf'. . . . The *Post Office Guide*, the *Atlas Index*, and the *Dictionary* alike give a bewildering list of News—mostly old, some *very* old.

Of course there are a few OLDS—not many. There is OLDHAM . . . there is also a place I used to know—old YNYSYBWL (I used to be proud of being able to pronounce that word). Then there is Old Whittington, Oldtown, Old Dalby, Old Head, and perhaps 'OLD Uncle Tom Copley and all.'

2nd June, 1931.

I was invited to speak at a Unitarian church last night, and I told them that their strongest pillar was not the emphasis upon the absolute unity of the Deity—a doctrine we also hold—but the stand they took in the fearless pursuit of truth. At my own church the day before (Trinity Sunday) I said that some professed trinitarians were really little more than believers in Tri-Theism; others while professing to accept our Trinitarian position were little more than Deists, and in practice rejected that great clause—*Credo in Spiritum Sanctum*.

The belief in a 'Spirit'—leading men more and more into the

realms of truth as the centuries go by—is often held very half-heartedly, and rejected entirely by fundamentalists.

If I designed and built a church I should not call the building by any old Jewish titles—Zion, Bethel, Ebenezer, Salem, Pizgah, Rehoboth, Jubilee, Hebron, Mount Tabor, etc., and certainly not after German towns—Hanover, Brunswick, etc., but ‘The Church of the Holy Trinity’, and in the great East window over the altar I would have inscribed:

*Credo in Spiritum Sanctum
Sanctam Ecclesiam Catholicam
Sanctorum Communionem*

It is the choicest bit of the old creed I know, and the finest ideal I can conceive of for suggesting to a congregation of thinking men and women.

And around the walls I would have statues and symbols of the great saints, canonizing many whose names are not in the prayer book: St. Socrates, Kepler, Galileo, Pascal, Newton, Otto von Guericke, Scott, Shackleton, Nansen, Faraday, Pasteur, Kelvin, Drummond, Leonardo, Horrocks,—and countless others for ever among the immortals.

At my ideal Church I would have a lich gate leading into God’s acre, on which I would have carved—

Adveniat regnum tuum

And like Thales—when he inscribed over the portals of his academy in Miletus,

Let no one enter who is ignorant of Geometry

so I would say—Let none enter whose aim, object, and desire is not set forth in the prayer—

Adveniat regnum tuum.

Some day in the far-distant years we shall come to this, but the time is not yet. Meanwhile we fume and moil over our puny schemes, our orthodoxies and our heresies, our narrow back-yard views of the Cosmos, and the Creator of that Cosmos. We fancy the ALL-FATHER is concerned with the shape of our hymnbooks . . . whether we say A-men or AR-men, and much besides. In the long ascent from the primeval forest to the sky—we are not yet far from the trees, indeed we are not yet out of the forest’s shade and gloom.

22nd August, 1931.

The whole indifference to organized religion is obviously part of the aftermath of a world war. Moral degeneration seems always to be a consequence of great wars. Right back to the petty skirmishes of the Jews with their neighbours, and to the conquests of Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and all the rest of the hot bloods, it was the same. Xenophon sings of the retreat of the ten thousand Persians, but for centuries afterwards misery filled the homes of invaded and invaders alike.

We seem to be drifting back to the primeval forest, instead of ascending towards that higher type spoken of by Tennyson in his *In Memoriam*, or John Symmonds in his *These things shall be*. With this deterioration of taste the Church suffers. A call to service and sacrifice makes little appeal to the crowd. Even a Garibaldi or a Mazzini if among our people today could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief.

9th February, 1932.

We are as usual ‘full up’, not of pancakes of course, but of demands upon time and energy. And with 50 per cent of these things there is nothing to show. One doesn’t expect all one’s doings to be spectacular, but often time is spent over things of which no mention can ever be made, no report given, and nothing known. I have felt for years that much of the best and most effective work is of the non-spectacular order. I cited the other day in a letter to somebody that observation of the gospel historian concerning our Lord’s visit to Nazareth: ‘He could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands on a few sick folk and healed *them*.’ Of those few—unnamed and unknown—there is nothing in the annual report. Or take that experience of Paul in Athens, ending in disappointment, and to all outward seeming, failure: ‘But certain men clave unto him and believed, among them being Dionysius a member of the Council, and a lady named Damaris, and a few others.’ You know under what mental depression Paul left Athens—never to set foot in its streets again. But what a result! When I was a divinity student I had ‘willy-nilly’ to study the Greek apologists. Dry old fellows they were—most of them—Justin Martyr, Papias, Aristides, Quadratus, Hermias, Hegesippus, Melito, Theophilus, Athenagoras and others. I can write their names still with a facile pen although I might have to ask for a breathing space if I had to confront a Board of Examiners, and present an account of their writings.

What I derived chiefly from those old apologists was this—that Paul's visit to Athens was not the failure he supposed it to be. He had laid his hands on a few, and healed *them*.

Under the converted Areopagite a church grew up in the city. Early in the next century it produced its martyr bishops, and those splendid apologists whose writings every theological candidate must still study. In the third century the Church in Athens flourished in peace and prosperity. In the fourth century it sent representatives to the general council at Nicæa. And so influential became that church that ere long the myriad deities fled into the dimness of outworn creeds, and the mighty Parthenon,—whose ruins still overlook the city—was solemnly dedicated to Mary the Mother of Jesus.

Excuse me for allowing my pen to ramble on into these pastures, but at times they offer a peculiar attraction. One is sometimes 'fed up' with the city and its myriad gods, Mars' Hill with its stoic philosophy, and even the synagogue with its traditions, and its lack of reality.

But there are always the 'few sick folk'; there is always some Dionysius or Damaris open to the truth and the wider vision; there is always some Timothy of the remote hamlet waiting to be enlisted for service; there is always some woman at the well ready enough to converse on sacred mysteries; there is always some Lydia with an open mind ready to believe; there is always some Onesimus seeking a friend; there is always some Philemon waiting for wider opportunities. I really think these are the ones that count.

In the synagogue one is likely to see many of the others—the nasty ones. There's old Alexander, the coppersmith. I saw him at a meeting—a missionary meeting—the other night. He was so enthusiastic about the business that, all on his own, he struck up the song:

'Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls for ever may be lost'

and then—he dropped a penny into the collection. What an anticlimax! A penny to save those millions!

Then there is Diotrophes 'who loveth to have the pre-eminence', who, when John wrote a letter to the church, stuffed it into his pocket and wouldn't read it.

Then that Corinth business over again . . . *il m'ennuie à la mort*, 'For while one saith, I'm a Prim., another, I'm of John Wesley . . . are ye not carnal?'

I'm tired of denominationalism. Like the venerable St. John in Ephesus I incline to the belief that one text—one sermon—is sufficient:

'Little children, love one another,
And keep yourselves from idols.'

23rd July, 1932.

Four years and nine months have sped since you bade us 'Au revoir' that dim October morning when you vanished from our sight. How much has happened since, to us, to you, to *tout-le-monde*. Obviously we are all a little older grown, and whilst it has brought you more and more into the thick of life's responsibilities, it has reminded some of us that increasing years do not bring the freshness nor the ability of youth. Your Mam and I get tired more quickly nowadays, and divers small infirmities deduct something from the greater freedom of bygone years. I am afraid that I shall never tread the summit snows of Mont Blanc—a dream I indulged 40 odd years ago—and I am certain I shall never swim the channel, a feat I have *not* desired. There are doubtless books I shall never read and studies I shall not now pursue. Mentally I am more concerned to conserve one or two gains, than to enter fields and pastures new. I realize that I shall never be an expert in the Hebrew language, and although I hope to retain my Hebrew Bible, grammar and lexicon, I have quite given up working at that fascinating tongue. Much the same may be said for Greek; I could not now write out the verb *φιλω—φιλεω φιλεis φιλεu—* from memory, nor distinguish the first aorist from the imperfect, no, not even for a King's ransom.

I gave away some text-books on Botany recently, because I now realize that I shall never be a botanist. I only keep a copy of Shakespeare on my shelves just for the look of the thing, or peradventure a chance reference. . . . Even my once beloved Euclid is left undisturbed on a top shelf. In arithmetic I can never remember whether seven nines make 54 or 82. So you see that there is a tendency to narrow down the area of one's interests, which proceeding, like so many others, is both a loss and a gain. . . . I walk at times into our railway station with its five converging railways, and scarcely fail to observe that whilst youthful and inexperienced travellers take a quantity of luggage, the seasoned wanderer travels light. Maybe there comes as one grows older a tendency towards this as one journeys down the years. Don't suppose that I've given up every-

thing. . . . I am greatly enjoying the study of Antarctic literature—Scott, Shackleton, Mawson, Evans and others. Our library is rich in this subject. Just now I read a fair amount of French, mostly over supper and the quiet 'quart d'heure' before going to bed. Hector Malot, Jean de la Brète, Louis Enault, Merimée, Jules Verne, Daudet, Erckmann-Chatrian, About, and perhaps others, provide interesting stories, and incidentally help to prevent too thick a deposit of rust to collect upon one's French. For an agreeable variation I now and then do a bit of carpentry. I have just built a cabinet bench for Fred, one fitted with an excellent vice and a number of drawers. I am fond of work of this kind when I can obtain seasoned timber, and my workshop I am *not* prepared to give up.

In one's main work, there is, as I have told you before, very much that is disappointing and depressing. Religiously we need a renaissance: I'm not sure whether we do not need an earthquake. There is so much that is puny, feeble, puerile, conventional, and so little that is aggressive, courageous, modern, scientific. . . . Sectarianism is one great hindrance; a multiplicity of ill-equipped and poverty-stricken chapels is another.

I should like to see just *one* church in a big parish—*one* only. But what a church! It would be beautiful in architecture as it would be beautiful for situation. I would make it conspicuous from afar, conspicuous as the Parthenon at Athens. . . . It would catch the eye of all travellers as do Lincoln, Durham, York, Lichfield, Gloucester, and other cathedrals in this land, and Rouen, Amiens, Dijon, Beauvais, Cologne, Antwerp, and other mighty piles of loveliness abroad. My church so placed would be rich within with a wondrous beauty, with rapturous music, with every convenience for private and public worship. It would be placed in the midst of quiet gardens, gardens where lovers could dream of happy years ahead, and where the old folk of the church could sit and talk of bygone days. The church would be open day and night, and some of its trained staff always on duty.

6th September, 1932.

Your letter this week . . . deals with the manifold vexations caused by careless or incompetent secretaries and other thoughtless folk. I can quite easily understand your feelings, for have I not borne grievous tribulations at the hands of such people. . . . Year by year, and every year, I have to audit accounts where income and

expenditure, debits and credits, principal and interest, capital and current, are all jumbled up together. One treasurer of my acquaintance many years ago—unlike some of them—did get so far in his book-keeping as to have two columns. These were labelled *lump sums* and *oddments* respectively. Receipts and disbursements were all mixed, but a nice round figure like £1 would be set down on the one side, whilst say 3/10½ would be set down on the other.

22nd October, 1932.

Whilst the ever-circling years have swept one by one across your eastern meridian, they have also swept across ours. Life with us has not been so extensive, neither perhaps so intensive as with you. We have trodden the more or less familiar paths; the daily round and common task to us have had much in common with the pursuits of other years. And yet, even to us, these five years have been crowded with experiences both grave and gay. We have had our seasons of gloom and depression, likewise those of sunshine and of song. We have known many a 'crowded hour of glorious life' and we have known what it is for the days and even the weeks to drag with leaden footsteps. As the years have passed we have older grown. The muscles have lost the flexible elasticity of youth, the energy and sustaining powers of mid-life have diminished, one's vitality has decreased, and the three score and ten years of the Hebrew bard tend to become more and more a personal attainment.

I look back today across the five years of your absence, but I also look back across many such quinquennial periods. A thousand living memories linger in my brain; a myriad delightful recollections rise at my bidding. Life has given me love and happiness in generous proportions, and many of my heart's longings have been fulfilled. Looking back across the long years I see many opportunities missed, things left undone I would gladly do were it now possible and many things done that I would fain undo. What a pity that wisdom so often comes too late! . . .

I should dearly love to see Paris *just once more*. I have visited the city many times since that day—it was the 24th of August, 1889, more than 43 years ago—when first I tramped its spacious boulevards, and looked upon its noble buildings beside the shimmering Seine. I confess I love the place, have loved it from my boyhood. Paris—the real Paris, not the city of the hectic tourist,

of the vulgar American, or the unseeing Britisher—not that Paris which is the nether world of sin and sorrow, but the Paris whose stones speak of art and loveliness, of refinement and culture, of romance and poetry.

And there are one or two things previously missed which I hope to see before I am compelled to say with the sad-hearted Mary Stuart:

*Adieu, charmant pays de France . . .
 . . . te quitter c'est mourir!*

I want to see the Roman amphitheatre—the *Arènes de Lutèce*—partly perhaps because I realize the impossibility of ever seeing the Colosseum of Rome, or the famous arenas of Nîmes, Arles, Capua, or Verona. I have, you see, reached that stage in life when like a shopkeeper crossing off from his ledger bad and irrecoverable debts, I am crossing off from my 'Book of Dreams'—*mon livre de Châteaux en Espagne*—the *Impossibles*. It is true there are quite a number of items left, but some of these also, I can clearly foresee, will sooner or later share the same fate.

If, however, I cannot visit the more famous amphitheatres where Christians met their doom, and where gladiators were—

‘butchered to make a Roman holiday’,

there is no harm at any rate in indulging the thought of seeing what remains of the third-century arena of Lutetia where it is to be hoped the sports were less cruel and sanguinary than in the hot south.

I have a lingering desire too, on some sunny morning to ride out of Paris on the curiously out-of-date steam tramway which passes into the open country southwards, on through gardens of roses and rich orchards, past Longjumeau, to the ruins of the old feudal castle of Montlhéry—a stronghold famous in history, but which chiefly woos me for another reason.

Neither is this all. I want to go down the great road going towards Orléans and the Loire, to a hill 88 kilometres from Paris, rising suddenly from the midst of the immense wheat-growing plain of La Beauce, and upon which there clings a quaint medieval town of tortuous streets and old-world alleys, but where there also rises the loveliest monument in Christendom—the one perfect Gothic cathedral.

I want to walk through the great halls and corridors of the University, its *salle des pas perdus*, to inspect the colossal building

recently erected with the good-will and generous gifts of the Parisians by the Salvation Army; to stand *just once more* upon the towering parapet of Notre Dame; to sip lemonade beneath the trees of the Tuilleries gardens, and to spend 30 centimes on a peach in a little fruit shop I used to know in *la rue de la pépinière*.

In a tiny narrow street in the Latin quarter I am desirous of climbing the 108 polished steps to the sixth floor of a block of flats, and of going down a passage *au sixième à droit, la dernière porte à gauche*, that from a window built in an angle I may, if the occupier will permit, look upon the '*Sacré Cœur*' crowning the heights of Montmartre and bearing aloft twixt earth and sky its great white dome.

Two student lovers—not Abelard and Héloïse of the twelfth century romance, but two Sorbonne students of modern days—dwelt in that flat, and morning by morning looked out from that window upon the great dome of the Martyr's hill. Out of sheer curiosity—the offspring of irrational sentiment if you will—I want to climb those 108 steps and look out of that corner-window. The desire doubtless has something about it akin to my fancy of years ago to stand upon the very spot at Rugby school where Tom Brown fought his famous fight with Slogger Williams. Neither was my mind at rest until, chancing to pass through Rugby one day, I broke my journey, and gratified my curiosity.

3rd July, 1933.

We have at last entered Purgatory—that fearsome period of our wandering life when everything seems to be crumbling in ruins at one's feet. In plain speech we have begun to *PACK*. Horrible gaps already appear in my library, for I have packed the first hundred volumes. Scientific instruments lie scattered here and there. . . . From this time onward the house will look more and more untidy and comfortless. Down will come the pictures—pictures, which, if of little intrinsic worth, are in some cases of considerable sentimental value, and represent some of the changeless elements in a life of constant flux. Here's my cheap print of a cottage with the old man standing beside the gate. It cost me 7s. 6d. in Cardiff 38 years ago. It might fetch 6d.—or even 1s. if trade was brisk at the rummage sale. But I would not like to see it go, it has hung upon my wall in many temporary homes in at least eight different counties—Glamorgan, Yorks, Lincoln, Derby, Notts, London, Durham and Cumberland. And so with other old friends. There's my large Paris photo. I

bought it for a guinea in 1889—44 years ago come next month—on the first occasion that I crossed the channel. And I love that old faded print, partly because it has been with me through the years, and doubtless also because I love Paris. It certainly recalls many a pleasant memory of bygone years.

Well, as I have said, we are breaking up the home. I am not much in love with Carlisle, and no tear will be shed on that account when the train bears us away a few weeks hence. Yet for all that there is ever some feeling akin to sadness in saying good-bye. There is a sadness too in storing away one's books in a box, it suggests a coffin and a burial, and although one looks for a joyful resurrection in some new abode, it is unpleasant meanwhile to gaze upon empty shelves.

22nd April, 1934.

You remember some of the old stories: there was no doubt as to the sickness of Lazarus, and yet Jesus—despite the earnest plea that He would go to Bethany—stayed for a while where He was. Abgarus, King of Edessa, sends an earnest appeal in like manner, nevertheless Jesus did not respond. You know the cryptic passage in Isaiah: 'He that believeth will not make haste.'

The mower is wise when he pauses to whet his scythe, the carpenter when he leaves his job to sharpen his tool. It was when they were terribly understaffed, and the people's claims were pressing, that Jesus told His lads to get away into a desert place—some Syrian Kirkwhelpington—and rest awhile. Many a man might have done more had he been wise enough to attempt less. To force plants to grow by the light of mercury-vapour lamps and high-frequency discharges is unnatural: the very weeds need a sabbatic period of comparative inactivity.

3rd June, 1935.

We are glad we have seen something of Cambridge. Its academic atmosphere, its medieval streets and alleys, its courts and cloisters, its college halls and chapels, its picturesque river scenes, its books and dons and deans and doctors, all made up a *tout ensemble* worthy of remembrance. . . .

The country round about here looks very bare after seeing the verdant beauty, and leafy groves of the south. Many of our trees are bare, and vegetation is backward. There is still a touch of cold in the

to resuscitate, to rekindle, to rebuild, to reappear. *ho.*
The Greek *ἀνάστασις* has no "RE" about it. I
have at times tried to illustrate the difference between

EGO SUM RESURRECTIO ET VITA,

and the immeasurably greater and more beautiful

ἔγώ εἰμι ἡ ἀνάστασις καὶ ἡ ζωὴ

by a kind of diagram.

It represents life on Life on earth
(the earth-plane terminated by
death. This is followed by
an interval *x* which in
terms of years may be long or short. Resurrection
means the "going on again after the interval,
but the word contains no suggestion of anything
more than an interrupted journey being resumed.
ἀνάστασις signifies the uprising. Life is
lived on the Terrestrial plane. A
moment comes — not of death,
but of transition. The "body"
having served its purpose
and being no longer needed
returns to mother earth.

LIFE ON THE EARTHLY PLANE

But in that moment the
NIVEUS, the EGO, the
Self, — the Soul, — the
individual personality — released of its gravitating load
soars upward, its life unbroken, its career
unchecked, its development unimpeded. For
the doctrine of life's continuity we have a far
more rational basis than ever before. Perhaps

air, and clouds cover the sky. Summer should bring some measure of warmth and sunshine, but it cannot bring to us the advantages to be gained from nearness to a town with its shops, its libraries, its railways, its lectures, its electric light, and above all—a good church. . . . To be cut off from mental and spiritual food at the time when we need it most, is a great loss. And out here, were it not for foresight and planning, we should run short of ordinary grub too. Our grocer has called today, but his shop is 18 miles away. A month will pass before he comes this way again.

1st July, 1935.

Neither can one predict the contents of that new chapter in life's story which, to you and to us, opens with your return to Bombay. One can scarcely think, or expect, that it will be uneventful, for there are many unforeseen turns in the road, and changes follow changes with great rapidity.

15th July, 1935.

The grandfather clock is ticking again. To the accompaniment of its welcome music, to the rhythm of the regular beat of its pendulum as it counts the 86,400 seconds of the day, I begin my letter. After an absence of more than three weeks the clock re-appeared last Thursday looking all the better for its overhaul, and fit for another period of long and faithful service. I pause a moment in my writing that I may listen to the tick, soothing, solemn, mysterious, just as I listened to it with ears alert, and eyes full of wonder, more than sixty years ago. Far back in my childhood's days I had a great love for this old clock, and I love it still. It fascinated me as a child; it was an unfailing attraction, as I have no doubt it was to my mother in her early youth. As the long years passed one after another, its dear old face must have looked upon many varied scenes; laughter and tears, joy and sorrow, comedy and tragedy. It has seen the generations come and go. It has watched children grow up; men and women grow old and pass away. Scenes of human love and of radiant happiness, scenes of loss and overwhelming grief, have all been witnessed by the old clock. Its hands have registered the moment when a child has been born into the world, and those same hands have many times marked the solemn hour of the departure of a soul. Do you wonder that the timepiece has become one of my most cherished possessions? It talks to me; it tells me tales of

the vanished years; it recalls the hours of youth when one was strong, adventurous, full of hope. And more and more frequently as the days go by, it has a quiet, face-to-face talk with me when others are not present, and it warns me—solemnly but not sadly—that each succeeding tick means one less in life's allotted number. It reminds me that the seemingly endless period of the 173 million seconds when you were away, were all ticked off by the relentless swing of its pendulum, and that lives draw to a close and even centuries pass in just the same way. Tick, tick, tick,—and whole ages are swallowed up in the immensity of the unfathomable past.

My old clock and I are great chums. In the days of my youth when it stood in my parents' home, I fear that I sometimes handled it unkindly. Many a time I separated and reassembled its mechanism, not always to its advantage. For many years it stood silent, and we youngsters used the interior of the case as a convenient stand for sticks and umbrellas. But the old clock bears no grudge; it is never resentful because of past neglect. It always gives me a pleasant welcome in the morning, and its kindly face is usually the last object I look upon before going to bed. And should I lie awake in the still night, my friend calls out to me the number of the hours, and the vibrations of its sonorous gong allure me once more into the blissful realms of refreshing slumber. Is it really any wonder that after a life-long association, we are great friends?

Tuesday, 20th August, 1935.

(In bed)

Tuesday morning. How lovely is the light of the returning day. It is only 6.30 G.M.T. as I write. I have been watching the dawn of the new day for more than an hour. What splendour! what music! What dull clods we often are; environed with infinite loveliness that has become so commonplace that our minds do not respond.

Those strange little people—the Ephemera—are sporting in the sunshine just outside my open window. Queer folk! born, growing up, marrying, reproducing their kind, growing old, and dying, all within 24 hours. But if it's a short life it seems to be a merry one. Waltz, Barn Dance, and all the excitement of the ball room seems to be theirs, until I suppose with the 'Grand March' or other appropriate finale to their microcosmic hilarity, they pass from the stage. Ephemera! yes, but are we not ephemeral too? My 'grandfather' may tick a few more

seconds for me, than for those festive midges, but what of that? 'We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told.'

This new morning is very refreshing. I have listened to the lowing of the cattle in the glen, and the bleating of the lambs in the pastures. And if I have not heard 'the cock's shrill clarion call at morn', I have listened to much worth hearing. As R.L.S. said after his night spent all alone in the woods at Gervodan, when one can get away from the rattle of man's machinery, and human discords, what a world of pleasant sounds this is. The birds sing to us their ethereal melodies; man blots it out with his hydraulic drill tearing up the roadway. . . .

Saturday, 24th August, 1935.

(In bed)

It is now almost fixed that I must go to a N/C Nursing Home tomorrow, or Monday at the latest, and submit to the operation. I have had an easy, and in many ways a very pleasant week, a week of love and sunshine, of sweet thoughts and precious memories. But all this has not removed my trouble, and as it is dangerous to wait much longer I must try what modern surgery can accomplish. . . . While the folk are washing-up I can manage another line. I *do* like writing these letters. We have had a tea-party in the bedroom. Best tea-party I have been at for a long time. And now a calm, sunny evening before us. It is 5.30 (summer time) and should be light for two hours at least. How beautiful it all is!

I look forward to Christmas. You will be far away this year, but we shall think of you all the time. The 'Star' will be there where you fixed it last year, and the evergreens will decorate the walls. . . . And we shall all recall *last* Christmas—the like of which we realized at the time we might never spend again in the same way. What a memory it has left! What a precious thing is memory!

O memory, fond memory!

When all things change we fly to thee!

And this week scores of fragrant memories have kept my thoughts rich. I have wandered round the picture gallery of the mind with unfailing delight. . . .

So ends another page, leaving Mam to add all that is yet unknown. Even if I leave here tomorrow, we have another precious evening

together. I hope it will not be long before I resume my weekly epistles. May God in His love and mercy keep you and all of us in His care.

Sunday morning, 25th August, 1935.

I have been watching the dawn of the day of days—so 'still, so calm, so beautiful.

The decision has been reached that I must go into N/C. About 2.30 or so I leave in W. Robson's car. . . . It is to a home in Jesmond . . . I believe it will end as we pray it may, and that for a year or two at least I may have health, and the fellowship and love of you all. . . .

After all, blessings often come in disguise, and this may be the best thing that could happen. . . .

I have finished off page 2 and page 4 as if was the last. Then I have gone on. But in two hours or so I shall be downstairs and *en route* to N/C. I wonder what I shall be doing *next* Sunday morning. Doing a tiny bit of your next letter I hope. Rejoicing in hope of happier days. So once again I'll stop . . . God bless you. And my closing word must be—*Auf Wiedersehen*.

K